PARIS HILTON EXPOSED AGAIN

HUSTLER®

AUGUST 2009

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

WIN AN HD VIDEO CAMERA

SHOCKING INTERVIEW
RADIO REBEL Bubba the Love Sponge

SLASH
GNR'S GLORY DAYS

PORN, COLLEGE, ROCK
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF JAYME LANGFORD

THAILAND EXPOSÉ
AMAZING VAGINA TRICKS

Covergirl
Taylor Vixen's
FIRST TIME

AUGUST 2009 $11.99
13
0 09281 63500 0

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

1-800 5 2A 2C 5 6 O FF 3 3 JACK-OFF sm

I'll give it to you how you want it

Freaky hot moms with an insatiable lust for your cock!

1-888-909-MILF
6 4 53

HARD fuck for your HARD cock

1-800-800 FUCK
3 8 2 5

UNTAMED KINKY FANTASIES

Lil' Bitches WANTED NOW!

I wanna hear you squirm. I'm going to whip you UP in SHAPE!

1-800-400-TINA
8 4 6 2

Most major credit cards accepted
$1.98 to $3.98 /min. plus a small $2.98 connection fee

ADULTS 18+ ONLY

She's a slutty actress on the prowl,
but there just aren't enough men in Hollywood to satisfy her.

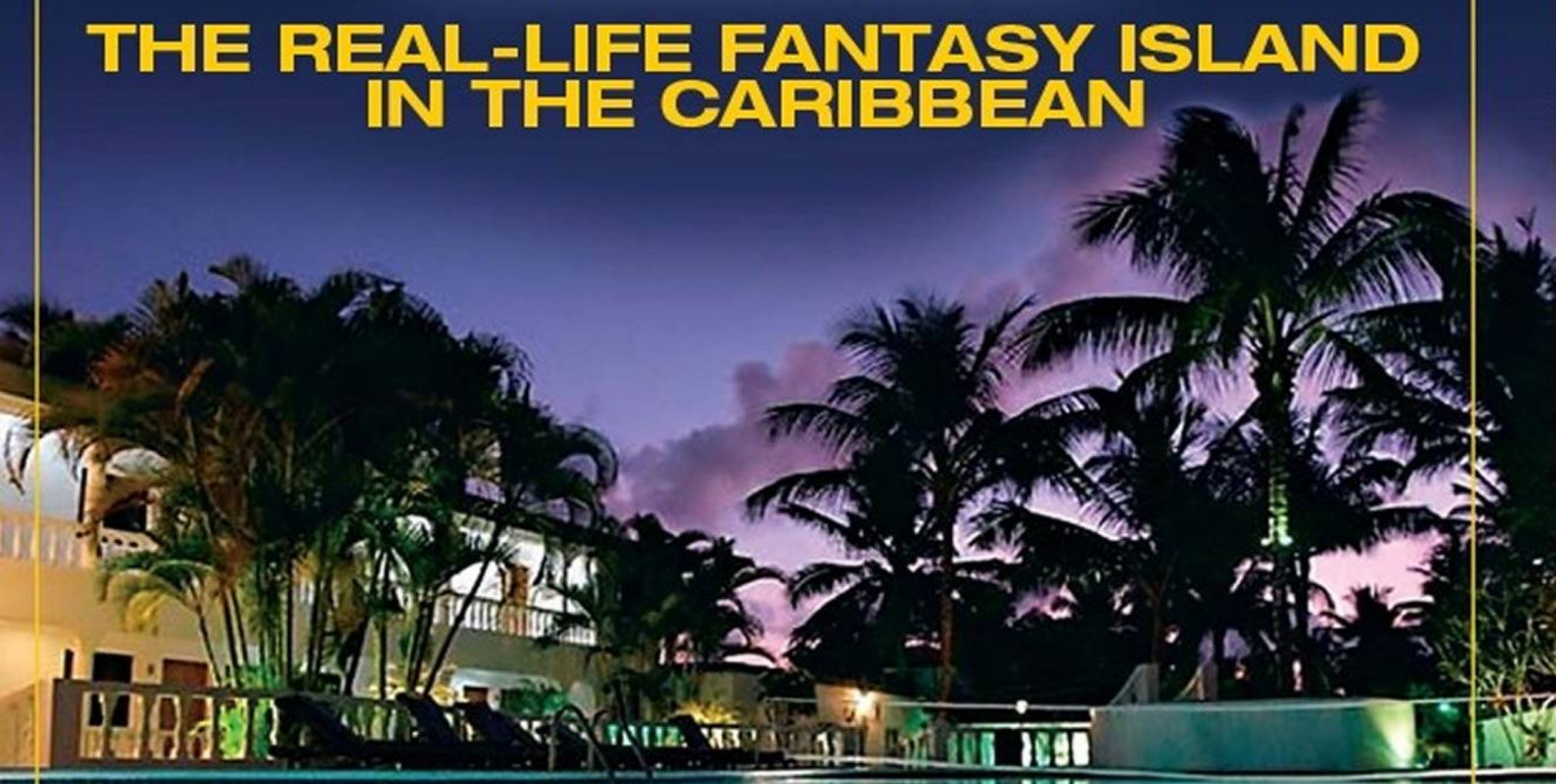
Renée Zellweger is DOIN' THE TOWN

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. Seriously, though, Renée Zellweger seems to get around. The chick's been linked to George Clooney, Jim Carrey, Matthew Perry, Luke Perry, Jack White, Damien Rice, Kenny Chesney (she married him for 72 hours) and now newsman Dan Abrams. You'd think one of those guys would have been able to fuck that sour expression off her face.

Oh, and the pussy pictured here isn't really Renée's. We superimposed a model's spread snatch on her body. But you already knew that because, unlike our lawyers, you're not an idiot.

OXYGEN
2RETREAT.COM

THE REAL-LIFE FANTASY ISLAND IN THE CARIBBEAN



Oxygen Retreat is a 3 acre resort where a few lucky men or couples (ask about our couples schedule) can make all their fantasies come true. This fantasy resort is truly all inclusive: all you can eat, all you can drink (alcoholic and other beverages) and all the women companionship you can dream of, there are no hidden charges or extra tipping required.

Please visit our web site for more details and feel free to call us anytime, we will be glad to answer any questions you may have. We won't bore you with the description of the whole retreat which is truly a tropical paradise with a maximum of 19 guests at a time and a promise of a ratio of at least 2 women per guest staying at the resort 24 hours a day. We hope to welcome you in paradise real soon.

For more details contact Mike at:

1-888-96-OXYGEN (1-888-966-9943)

or check us out on the web at:

www.oxygenretreat.com

HUSTLER®

LARRY FLYNT'S
FLAGSHIP MAGAZINE SINCE 1974

AUGUST 2009 VOLUME 36 NUMBER 2 • **HustlerMagazine.com**

girls

27 ZEINA HEART
Tease to Please
Photography by Matti Klatt

45 RILEY NICOLE
Zip File
Photography by Mark Lit

62 TORY LANE & CHRIS JOHNSON
Sex in Da Club
Photography by Holly Randall

76 TAYLOR VIXEN
Sexy Eyes
Photography by Mark Lit

98 THIS AIN'T HAPPY DAYS XXX
Sitcum Sneak Peek
Photography by HUSTLER Video

117 BRIANNE COX
We Saw Her First
Photography by Jose Luis

162 CLASSIC BEAUTY
Pauline: Autumn Petals
Photography by Clive McLean

features

38 JAYME LANGFORD: A DAY IN THE LIFE
Hangin' with porn's rockin' coed.
Article by Justin Hampton

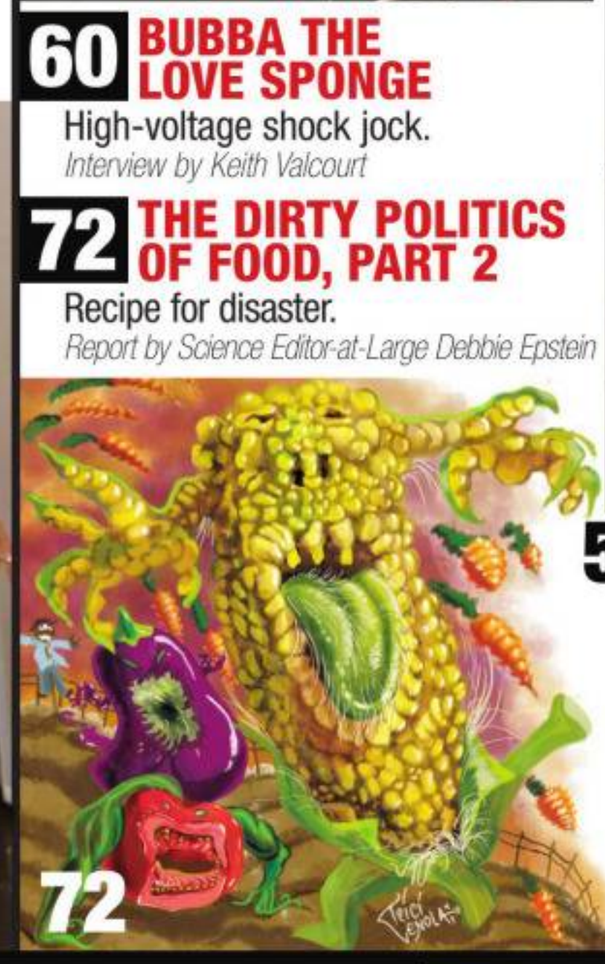
41 XXX-MEN ORIGINS: KILLVERINE!
HUSTLERizing a blockbuster flick.
Cartoon parody by Noel Anderson

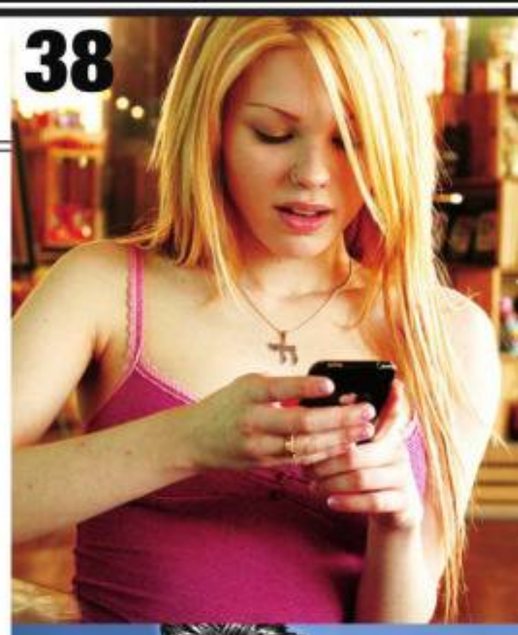
54 PING-PONG IN BANGKOK
The whacky things a pussy can do!
Article by Nicole McClelland

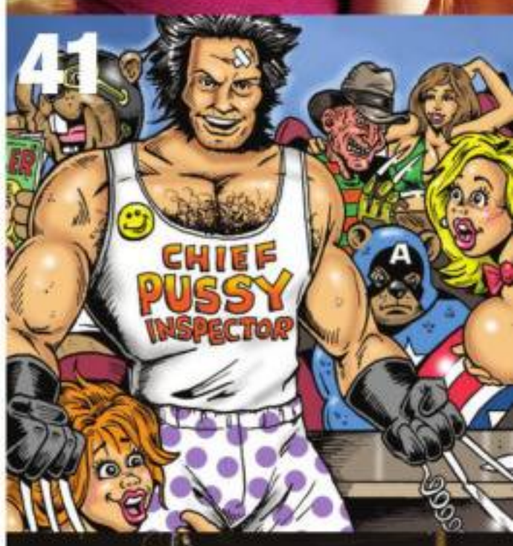
58 SWEAT, SEX AND SADISM
Testosterone titillators from the '50s.
Retrospective by Ted Newsom

60 BUBBA THE LOVE SPONGE
High-voltage shock jock.
Interview by Keith Valcourt

72 THE DIRTY POLITICS OF FOOD, PART 2
Recipe for disaster.
Report by Science Editor-at-Large Debbie Epstein







58
HOW TO COPE WITH A WOMAN'S MOST INTIMATE NEEDS
MAN'S STORY
A HONEYMOON IN HELL FOR SATAN'S BRIDES
SELF ANALYSIS: CAN YOU SURVIVE AMERICA'S SEX WAR?
GRISLY RITES OF HITLER'S MONSTER FLESH
STRIPPER
PREP SCHOOL LUST: OUR NUMBER ONE MENACE!

standards

3 SEX PARODY
Renée Zellweger: Doin' the Town

7 PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT
Obama vs. FDR
by Larry Flynt

9 TECH KNOW
Win a Vado HD camcorder!

10 GAME ON
Screwable toon chicks, Riddick's return and *Eat Lead*

11 ROBERT SCHEER
Fraud on a Grand Scale

13 NAT HENTOFF
Will Obama Confront Academia's Contempt for Free Speech?

15 ALEX BENNETT
Let's Take Out the Trash

17 MAMIE VAN DOREN
Erotique

19 FEEDBACK
Gas giveaway gratitude, rant against racism and a redhead redux

20 POLITICAL PARODY
Singulair: Breathe Uneasy

21 ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH
Louisiana Governor Bobby Jindal

23 BITS & PIECES
Legends of lust, congresswoman gets dicked and fucking lizards!

36 HOT LETTERS
Seeing double on a down-and-up day!

37 CLASSIC CARTOONS
Get offended all over again.

53 PINUP BY SANDRA CHANG

57 THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE
Bangin' Asian Lily Lava
by Michelle McCarthy

71 TAILS OF THE BUNNYRANCH
Natalie Dylan: Virgin for Sale
by K.K. Le Roque

74 COUGARS UNLEASHED
Christine au naturel
by Ericka Rachelle Mendoza

88 HUSTLER HUMOR
For best results, read on the crapper

92 SIGHTS & SOUNDS
Slash on GNR's early days and a rap with hip-hop legend Grandmaster Flash

96 MOVIE MAMMARIES
Sissy Spacek's fleshtastic career

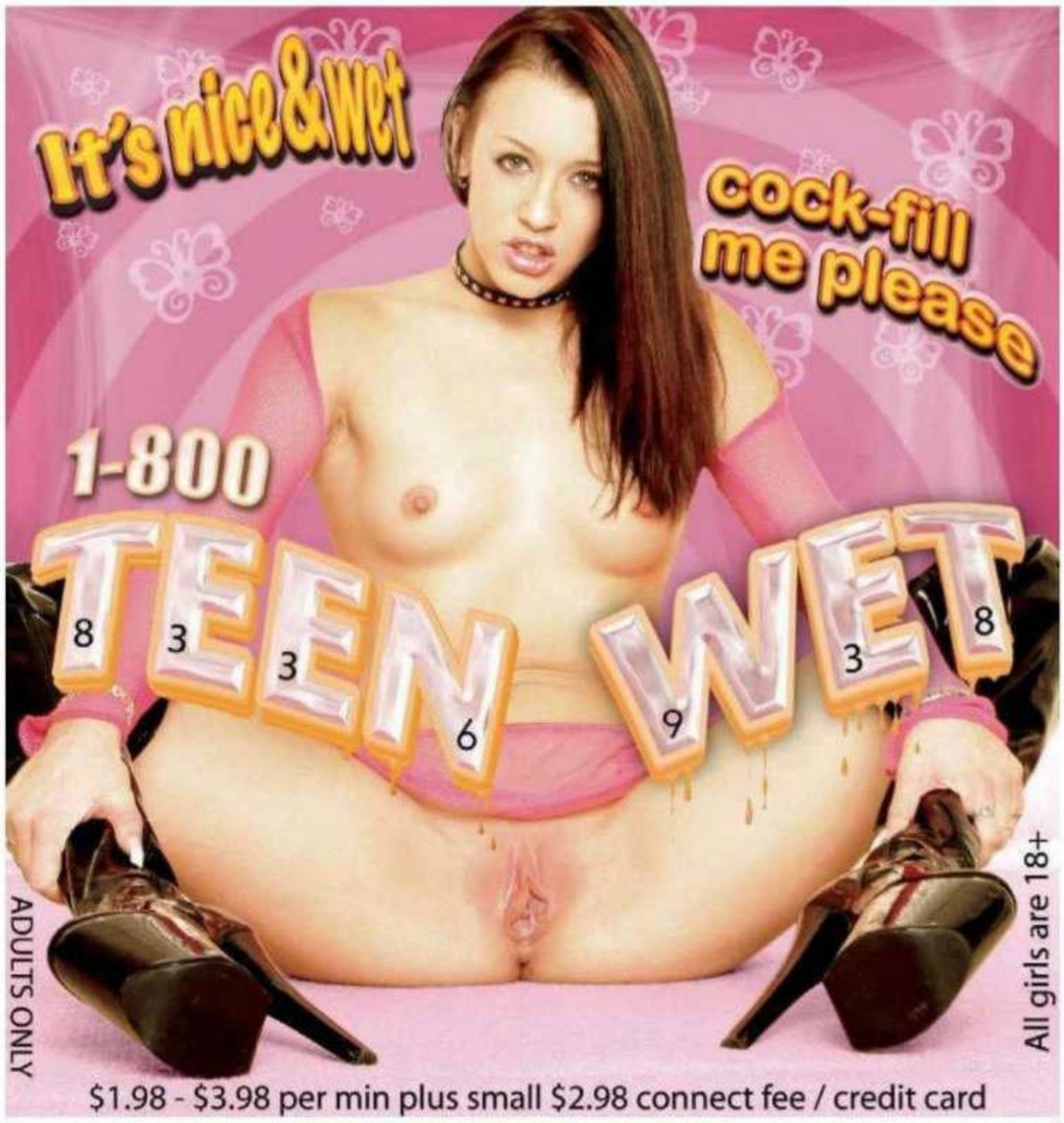
97 FAMOUS FLESH
Queen of overexposure Paris Hilton

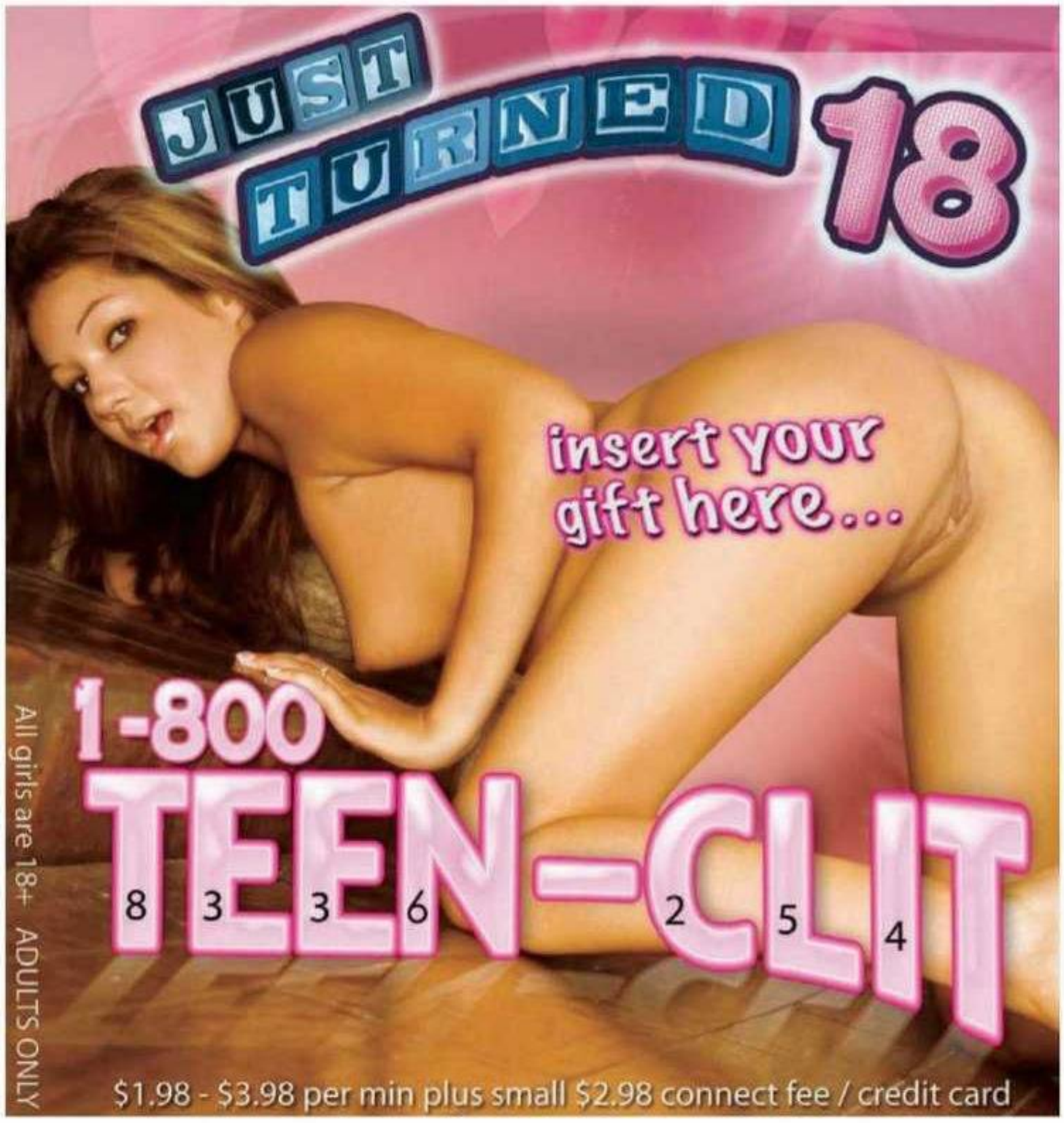
106 COLLEGE REPORT
NYU's "nothing to hide" protesters

107 REAL COLLEGE GIRLS
Bare-assed bookworm

110 EROTIC ENTERTAINMENT
Insatiable Dana DeArmond, head-to-head *Nurses* and Sunset Thomas's swan song

126 BEAVER HUNT
Skin-mag newbies


It's nice & wet
cock-fill me please
1-800
8 3 3 3 6 9 3 8
TEEN WET
ADULTS ONLY
All girls are 18+
$1.98 - $3.98 per min plus small $2.98 connect fee / credit card


JUST TURNED 18
insert your gift here...
1-800
8 3 3 6 2 5 4
TEEN-CLIT
All girls are 18+ ADULTS ONLY
$1.98 - $3.98 per min plus small $2.98 connect fee / credit card

HUSTLER®

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Michael H. Klein *President*
Robert Gaddis *Chief Financial Officer*
Donna Hahner *Corporate Vice-President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration*

Bruce David *Editorial Director*
Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Managing Editor*
Mark Johnson *Asst. Managing Editor/Research Director*
Keith Valcourt *Bits & Pieces/Music Editor*
Debbie Epstein *Science Editor-at-Large*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*
Eric Althoff *Copy Editor*

Art & Design
Nadeen Torio *Creative Director*
Joe Dunavan *Assistant Art Director*

Talent
Jennifer Larsen *Talent Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@LFP.com.

Photography
Matti Klatt *Senior Photographer*
Ladi von Jansky *Photographer*
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*
Lisa Jones *Network Systems Administrator*

Production
Brian Sturzenacker *Production Manager*
Jeremy Rogers *Traffic Coordinator*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director (323-951-7907)*
Fearl S. Chatman *Advertising Coordinator*
Gina J. Lee *Ad Production/Pre-Press Director*
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*
Artur Elizarov *Vice-President, Human Resources*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 36, No. 2, August 2009. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly, except twice in September, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2009 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $39.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office by LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is May 19, 2009.

Cover photo by Mark Lit/DigitalDesire.com

OBAMA VS. FDR

President Obama must take a lesson from Franklin Delano Roosevelt: Confront Wall Street and the Republicans head on.

It was Republican strategist Grover Norquist who said he wanted to shrink government "down to the size where we can drown it in the bathtub." The Republicans have succeeded in that regard. Thanks to Ronald Reagan and eight years of the Bush Administration—with its tax cuts and out-of-control spending—the government is broke. Wall Street's involvement in subprime mortgages was just the final straw.

Obama's plan for dealing with the toxic assets of Wall Street—the administration purchasing up to a trillion dollars in bad mortgages and such—is really the Bush plan with lipstick. If the value of the asset goes up, Wall Street collects big-time. If it goes down, most of the cost falls on taxpayers. It's a win-win for Wall Street.

Meanwhile, there's no money left for you. If the President won't stand up to Republican fat cats as FDR did, we are all screwed.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

"Having my octuplets wasn't nearly as difficult as I thought!
Oops, sorry, my uterus keeps falling out!"

BY KEITH VALCOURT

Better living through gadgets. TECH KNOW

READY TO ROCK

The **WarBeast Wireless Guitar Controller** from dreamGEAR is the only full-size guitar controller on the market. Officially licensed by B.C. Rich, it delivers an unsurpassed experience to players of *Rock Band* and *Guitar Hero*. The cool-looking ax, which is compatible with PS2 and PS3, features 2.4 Ghz of latency-free wireless gameplay, a glowing, extended strum bar, custom neck with highly responsive fret buttons, adjustable whammy bar and a *Rock Band/Guitar Hero* slide switch.

Available at ***dreamGEAR.net***. Suggested retail price: $129.99.

BOOM BOX

The **eFizz** docking station from Ewoo is more than just a plug-and-play speaker for your iPod. It transforms your MP3 player into a booming hi-fi system. The **eFizz** comes complete with internal software that can be updated via USB and a handheld screen remote that displays album art and artist info. It also features a sleep mode, jukebox mode and RCA analog inputs. The sleek-and-elegant design makes it one of the best-looking docking stations around.

Available at ***Ewoo.com***. Suggested retail price: $499.99.

HEAD GAMES

The folks at Able Planet know a thing or two about sound quality. They went from making highly regarded hearing aids to creating the greatest noise-canceling headphones in existence. Their latest lightweight foldable set, the **NC200**, utilizes AP's patented LINX technology for superior sound. These headphones, which run on one AAA battery and come with an AC adapter and soft carrying case, are the best you can get for under a hundred bucks.

Available at ***AblePlanet.com***. Suggested retail price: $99.

DIRTY PICTURES

WIN THIS

We know you've always wanted to direct. Well, the **Vado HD 720p Pocket Video Camcorder** from Creative can make your dream come true. This tiny device allows you to shoot high-definition video at the touch of a button. The thin, lightweight camera fits easily in the palm of your hand so you can effortlessly capture video. Thanks to an HDMI cable, you can admire your handiwork on an HDTV or use the built-in USB to upload the footage to a PC and share it on Web sites like YouTube. That way the world can watch your drunk buddy getting a little too friendly with that he-she.

Available at ***US.Creative.com***. Suggested retail price: $199.99.

MAKE YOUR OWN PORN FILMS... IN HD! WIN A VADO HD CAMCORDER.

For your chance to win, just fill out the form below (or a photocopy, or put your name, home address, e-mail address and signature on a postcard) and send it to Vado HD Camcorder Giveaway, c/o HUSTLER, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211 or e-mail info to Hustler@LFP.com.

Name (print) _____

Signature _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ ZIP Code _____

E-mail _____

RULES: No purchase necessary. Limit one entry per household. Must be 18 or older to enter. This form, a copy thereof or postcard containing required information and signature must be mailed and received at HUSTLER by August 10, 2009. A purchase would not affect your chances of winning. Winner will be chosen by random drawing. This contest is void where prohibited by law. Entry means automatic consent to use of contestant's name, likeness and image, and that the name of the winner will be disclosed or made available. All entries become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and HUSTLER Magazine and will not be returned to contestants. Odds of winning will be determined based on the actual number of eligible entries received prior to deadline. The sponsor will contact the winner and ship the winner his/her prize at no cost to the winner. Sponsor will not be responsible or liable for failure to contact the winner. The drawing is open to anyone over 18 years of age, other than employees of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, its affiliates and advertising agencies, as well as their immediate family members and persons living in their household. Offer limited to residents of the continental United States.

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

OUR KIND OF TOWN

BoneTown

D-Dub

PC

Following in the footsteps of the classic 8-bit porn video games *Custer's Revenge* and *Beat 'Em and Eat 'Em*, ***BoneTown*** is a landmark XXX erotic adventure. It lets you have sex in numerous positions with thousands of unique cartoon girls, use drugs to unleash your special powers and fight "the Man" from moralizing BoneTown. One play will have you asking, "Why didn't someone make this sooner?!" Sadly, it's only for the PC at this point. We hope that the folks at D-Dub will up the ante (and graphics) to bring this awesome fuckfest to PlayStation 3 and Xbox 360.

CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

Skate 2

EA Games

PS3, Xbox 360

Without seeming like a kiss-ass, we insist that ***Skate 2*** is the greatest skateboard game ever created and one of the top-three sequels of all time! Seriously, this one is off the charts! The game features reconfigured controls and surfaces, but the biggest addition is the ability to hop off your fully customized board. Our favorite is the Hall of Meat feature, which lets you beat your rival skater to shit with an assortment of bone-crushing bails.

THE DUKE OF HAZARD

Eat Lead:
The Return of Matt Hazard

D3

PS3, Xbox 360

Finally a video game with a sense of humor! ***Eat Lead*** chronicles the comeback of fictional 1980s video game hero Matt Hazard. This hilarious third-person shooter game is full of incredible play, including the cool (no pun intended) Fire & Ice Mode and eight levels of diverse challenges. Will Arnett (***Arrested Development***) and Neil Patrick Harris (***How I Met Your Mother***) add their voice talents to the fun.

RIDDICK ROCKS!

The Chronicles of Riddick:
Assault on Dark Athena

Atari

PS3, Xbox 360

Ever wished you could be Vin Diesel? Not the softy in crap like *The Pacifier*, but the tough guy cast as Riddick in *Pitch Black*. In this fast-paced shooter game you are Riddick, as portrayed by Diesel, battling against the evil minions of the predatory mercship *Dark Athena* in the deepest recesses of space. The fighting is so intense and immersive, you can almost taste the blood.

Fraud on a Grand Scale

AS AMERICA'S FINANCIAL CRISIS WORSENS, A PRESIDENTIAL ADVISOR REAPS SUSPICIOUS MILLIONS.

It can never be overstated: As long as our government is "pay to play," we are not a true democracy. In boom times, we can pretend the vast amounts of money circulated between corporations and the government—through political donations and revolving-door employment of officials—is a necessary evil of economic growth. Yet when the busts happen, the veil is ripped away, exposing the true corruption involved: These are bribes.

That is what is happening now. Losing their jobs and their credit lines, Americans can see that the banks and financiers paid our leaders to look the other way while they recklessly pumped up a super-bubble based on fraud.

If a beat cop takes $100K from a mobster, are you going to believe his testimony at the crook's trial?

Too harsh? Well, if a beat cop is caught accepting $100 from a street dealer selling dime bags, the former is shamed and fired, and both men are prosecuted for a crime. Yet when it is revealed that a former Clinton Treasury secretary and current Director of the White House's National Economic Council takes millions from the same financiers now defrauding taxpayers out of billions of "bailout" dollars buying worthless loans, nobody says boo.

How is there any other way to see the $2.77 million that Obama adviser Lawrence Summers received last year in corporate speaking fees? Even more directly than a campaign donation to an elected official, these outrageous appearance fees make a mockery of Summers's claim to be an unbiased "economist" simply dispensing wisdom to policymakers.

Goldman Sachs, one of the most desperate of the previously high-flying Wall Street firms now mining a new cash vein—ours—paid Summers $135,000 for a single speech; the equivalent of a street dealer slipping a judge a buck-fifty to cover his release on a $10,000 coke bust, considering Goldman Sachs took $12.5 BILLION in "lifeline" monies out of our national piggy bank.

"Financial institutions including JPMorgan Chase, Citigroup, Goldman Sachs, Lehman Brothers and Merrill Lynch paid Summers for speaking appearances in 2008," reported the *Washington Post* in April. "Fees ranged from $45,000 for a November 12 Merrill Lynch appearance, to $135,000 for an April 16 visit to Goldman Sachs, according to his disclosure form."

That's like a who's who of the giant money firms which, as they've plummeted hellward, have rent giant holes in the world economy. Did he actually speak at these firms or just pick up the cash taped to the underside of a mailbox?

For Summers, of course, this is chump change. Just last year, this "economist," who has advised Reagan, Clinton and now Obama, made another $5.2 million working for the hedge fund D. E. Shaw & Co. Again, it is hard to see this as anything but complete payback for services rendered in the private sector: Summers was the key advocate for such funds under Clinton, arguing they could only hurt investors who knew the risks. Instead, they were instrumental in bringing the banks and the world economy to its knees.

Some observers are now arguing about whether the collapse of the banks was caused by greed or stupidity, but neither of these words is quite right. After all, bankers are supposed to be greedy, and the job was never supposed to demand genius, just good use of numbers to predict creditworthiness.

No, the correct word is *fraud*. With key Depression-era firewalls like the Glass-Steagal legislation blown up by Congress under Clinton, the big money went straight to a shortsighted scheme that would have made even swindler Charles Ponzi proud: Make bad "liars' loans," get a self-interested ratings agency to say they are "Triple-A," and then sell that crap to investment banks, which then sells them to others and so on. Everybody books big, fast profits and hopes not to be around when the pyramid collapses.

"Bernie [Madoff] was a piker" compared to these banks, says former bank regulator Bill Black. A key figure in cleaning up the Savings & Loan scandal of the '80s, Black points out that the combination of wiping out crucial regulation under Clinton, the total lack of oversight or fraud prosecution under Bush the Second for eight years and the insane payouts for CEOs was like carefully setting a bomb to blow.

"It [was] inevitable that there was going to be a disaster down the road," Black told Bill Moyers. "The government's [been] working together with the industry to destroy regulation. Well, we now know what happens when you destroy regulation. You get the biggest financial calamity of anybody under the age of 80."

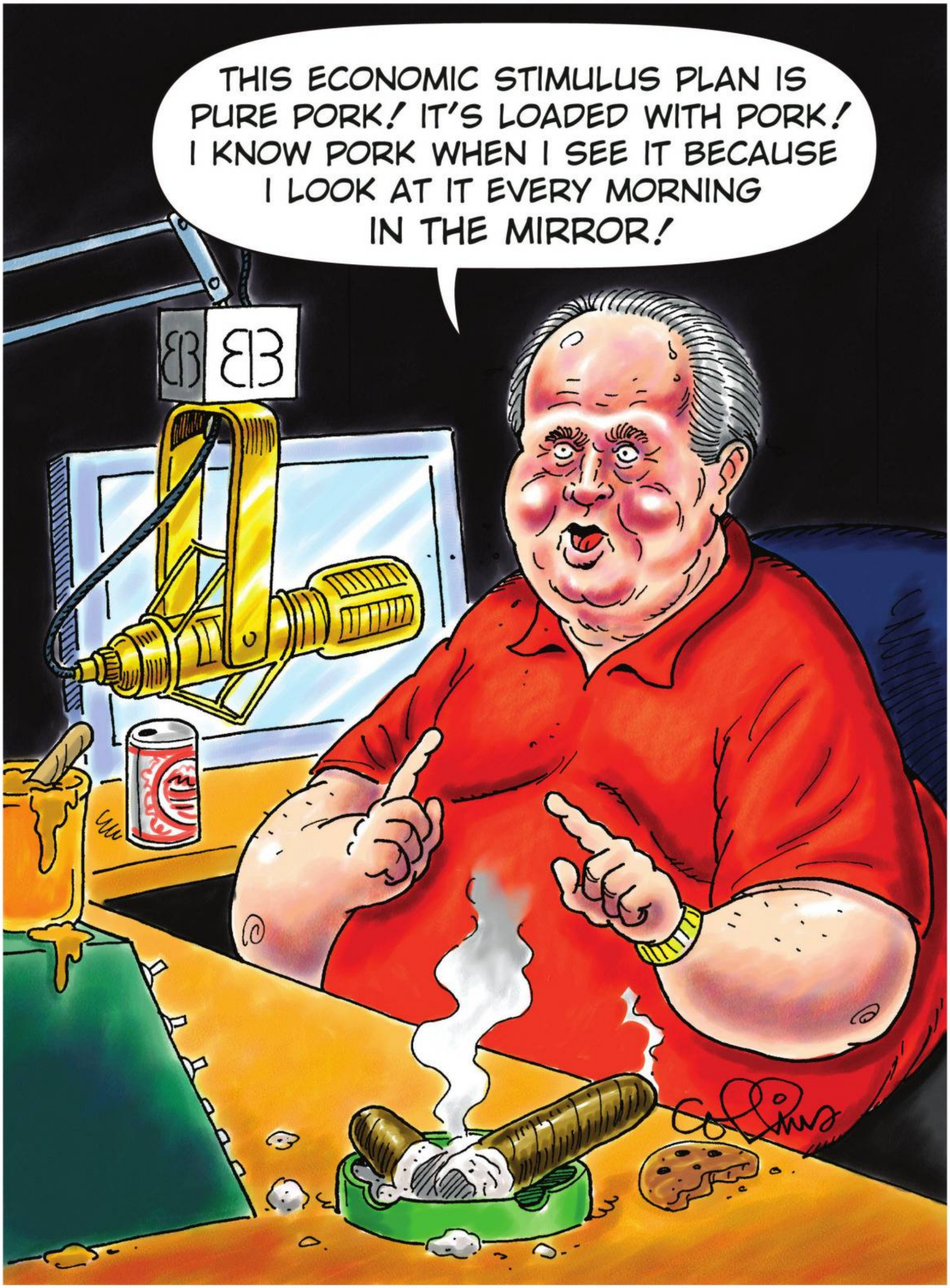
That we did. And now we are watching superrich Summers advise Obama on how to reanimate the insolvent so-called zombie banks, to reinflate the bubble based on false confidence. Why should we believe him and his ilk again?

If a beat cop takes $100K from a mobster, are you going to believe his testimony at the crook's trial?

Speaking of a similar conflict of interest, between Bush's last Treasury secretary and investment bank Goldman Sachs, Black noted that, "In most stages in American history, this would be a scandal of such proportions that he wouldn't be allowed in civilized society.

"I don't know whether we've lost our capability of outrage. Or whether the cover-up has been so successful that people just don't have the facts to react to it."

Before serving 30 years as a columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. Now editor of **TruthDig.com**, Scheer has written such hard-hitting books as *The Pornography of Power: How Defense Hawks Hijacked 9/11 and Weakened America.*


THIS ECONOMIC STIMULUS PLAN IS PURE PORK! IT'S LOADED WITH PORK! I KNOW PORK WHEN I SEE IT BECAUSE I LOOK AT IT EVERY MORNING IN THE MIRROR!

Will Obama Confront Academia's Contempt for Free Speech?

THE PRESIDENT IS BRIEFED ON RAMPANT FIRST AMENDMENT ABUSES AT U.S. COLLEGES.

On Inauguration Day a letter was sent directly to Barack Obama by Greg Lukianoff, president of FIRE (Foundation for Individual Rights in Education) asking the President—as an apostle of change and a former professor of Constitutional law—to help eliminate censorship on college campuses. "Despite being legally bound to uphold the First Amendment on campus," Lukianoff wrote, "public colleges and universities routinely trample on the free speech rights of students and faculty."

FIRE is the only national organization that insistently—through exposure and, if necessary, litigation—protects the free expression, across the political spectrum, of "heretical" students and professors. As a member of FIRE's advisory board, I am informed of all its cases and can testify that the virus of political correctness is stronger than ever at our institutions of higher learning, which purportedly prepare our future leaders.

In his letter to Obama, Mr. Lukianoff cited how FIRE defended an Indiana University-Purdue University Indianapolis "student-employee found guilty of racial harassment for reading a book celebrating the defeat of the Ku Klux Klan in a 1924 street fight."

The charge: "pictures of Klansmen on the cover constituted harassment [of students, especially blacks] despite the fact that the book was distinctly and proudly anti-Klan!"

As it always does, FIRE publicized this assault on the First Amendment while informing IUPUI's president that unless this guilty verdict was removed from the student's personal file, a lawsuit would follow. After persistent pressure, the university's guilty finding was expunged.

Another example to enlighten President Obama concerned my alma mater, Northeastern University in Boston. During its exhaustive research on collegiate censorship, FIRE discovered that the computer use policy at Northeastern "prohibits students from using campus e-mail accounts or servers to send any message that, in the sole judgment of the university, is 'annoying' or 'offensive.'"

FIRE has spread the word of this impenetrable gag rule at Northeastern. However, because the organization only gets directly involved if it receives a protest from a student or faculty member, it has taken no further action. As of this writing, no one at Northeastern has lodged a protest.

Years ago I engaged in written speech that was "annoying" or "offensive" at Northeastern. I was editor of the *Northeastern News*, and we criticized a range of policies by the school's president that muzzled free expression. He fired me and the rest of the staff—except for the one who replaced me as editor. There's always a scab.

"A nation that does not educate in liberty will not long preserve it."

This searing educational experience led to my lifelong passion for protecting free expression, including views I despise, wherever I write or speak.

In my first book, *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* (Delacorte Press), I made clear my indebtedness to Northeastern's administration. It was responsible for my "never having lost my sense of rage at those who would suppress speech, especially mine."

FIRE's letter to President Obama also recognized that "in these times, college censorship may not seem to be the most pressing issue. However…failing to educate an entire generation about…our Constitutional ideals of liberty…means that it will not be long before these attitudes pervade our society with dangerous consequences for our pluralistic and diverse republic."

FIRE's cases don't merely concern censorship by college administrators. Student-run organizations have acted to censor student newspapers that "offend" them and also refuse membership to those holding views that might "insult" or "harass" students on campus. As FIRE told Obama, many university presidents allow and encourage an unconstitutional virus in higher education: "actually teaching students that they [too] have a positive duty to censor opinions with which they disagree."

FIRE also informed Obama that "77 percent of public colleges and universities maintain speech codes that fail to pass Constitutional muster" despite "ten federal court decisions unequivocally striking down campus speech codes on First Amendment grounds from 1989 to 2008."

Obviously in contempt of our federal courts, the University of Iowa defines sexual harassment in its speech code as something that "occurs when somebody says or does something sexually related that you don't want them to say or do, regardless of who it is."

Jackson State University's harassment policy "punishes speech which 'degrades,' 'insults' or 'taunts' another—or the 'use of profanity' and 'verbal assaults.'"

Surely, President Obama—having inspired so many of this nation's young with his "audacity of hope" for change they can believe in against the Bush-Cheney legacy of a surveillance society with dissenters stacked in databases—must be disturbed by this pervasive censorship on college campuses. We shall see, although so far there has been no answer from the White House.

Meanwhile, FIRE's letter went on to suggest: "Perhaps the most effective step you could take would be to publicly condemn the existence of campus speech codes. Such a public statement could change the thinking of these administrators, who deem such illiberal restrictions necessary."

The detailed letter to Obama also quoted University of Pennsylvania professor Alan Charles Kors, FIRE's cofounder: "A nation that does not educate in liberty will not long preserve it." And, he addressed the President, the people of that nation "will not even know when it is lost."

The tyranny of countless college administrators will influence future graduates, who've been educated to watch very carefully what they say, write, e-mail or post on the Internet. Why not tell the President what you think he should say about censorship on college campuses?

Nat Hentoff is a historian of the Constitution, a jazz critic and a columnist for the *Village Voice* and *Free Inquiry*. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America*; *Living the Bill of Rights*; and the forthcoming *Is This America?*

"It's nice meeting you, Mrs. Obama. You're not the nappy-headed ho I thought you'd be."

Let's Take Out the Trash

PREOCCUPIED WITH SENSATIONALIZING TABLOID STORIES, THE MAINSTREAM MEDIA HAS FORGOTTEN WHAT JOURNALISM IS ALL ABOUT.

The story hit the front pages and most major newscasts in February 2009: Chicago-based Northern Trust Bank, sponsoring a multimillion-dollar Professional Golf Association tournament in Los Angeles, had flown hundreds of clients and employees to Southern California for revelry that recalled the glory days of 1999. First, the entourage was treated to a Wednesday-night concert by Chicago. They went back to their pricy lodgings with a gift bag of baubles from Tiffany & Co. On Thursday the bank rented an airplane hangar, where Earth, Wind and Fire performed. On Saturday evening the entire House of Blues was booked to wine and dine the out-of-towners as Sheryl Crow sang for them. Fees for the respective bands exceeded $100,000. All this largesse came from a bank that had taken $1.6 billion in government bailout money.

The real story, however, is not about Northern Trust's lavish spending but the people who discovered the misdeed. Was it CBS or ABC? A major newspaper? No! It was TMZ, a Web site and TV tabloid show that usually covers Mel Gibson drinking binges and whom Lindsay Lohan is swapping tacos with. It took Harvey Levin and his down-and-dirty investigative team to uncover the scandal. In doing so, they scooped everyone. No wonder—the so-called mainstream media was preoccupied with "Octomom."

As you undoubtedly know (to the point of nausea), Nadya Suleman gave birth to octuplets as the result of some overenthusiastic artificial insemination. Within 24 hours she was all over the news. Suleman, now the mother of 14 kids, stayed in the limelight for weeks on end. TV reporters just wouldn't let the story go. Meanwhile, the gang from Northern Trust was dining on filet mignon and seared salmon with only TMZ paying attention.

I am sure the TV networks turn their noses up at outfits like TMZ despite spewing out exactly the same kind of crap. The "Octomom" story is a perfect example of tabloid journalism being passed off as hard news by the networks. The coverage hit its nadir with images of Suleman's about-to-burst belly. Aren't viewers supposed to be warned when a program "contains graphic material"? Apparently not for "Octomom." Bring back the gore; I can handle that.

Another tabloid story that garnered a lot of attention regards Caylee Anthony. Her mother claimed that the two-year-old had been kidnapped. There was just one problem: Casey Anthony took a month to notify the police. That was in June 2008.

The supposed legit shows were all over this case like flies on a corpse. It didn't hurt that Caylee's mother was attractive. Come on, if she'd been ugly or a minority woman, the story would have quickly disappeared.

The morning shows, notably NBC's *Today,* exploited the Caylee Anthony story as if there were no tomorrow, all the while sending out their phony "thoughts and prayers." Meanwhile, Casey was cooling her heels in a Florida jail.

By the time the toddler's body was found near the Anthonys' home in December '08, these network sleazebags had all but convicted Casey by broadcasting—in minute detail—every rumor, phone call and diary entry she had ever made. Sure, thanks to the media's coverage, Casey Anthony appeared guilty, but we have a legal system, and she deserves a trial, not a public lynching.

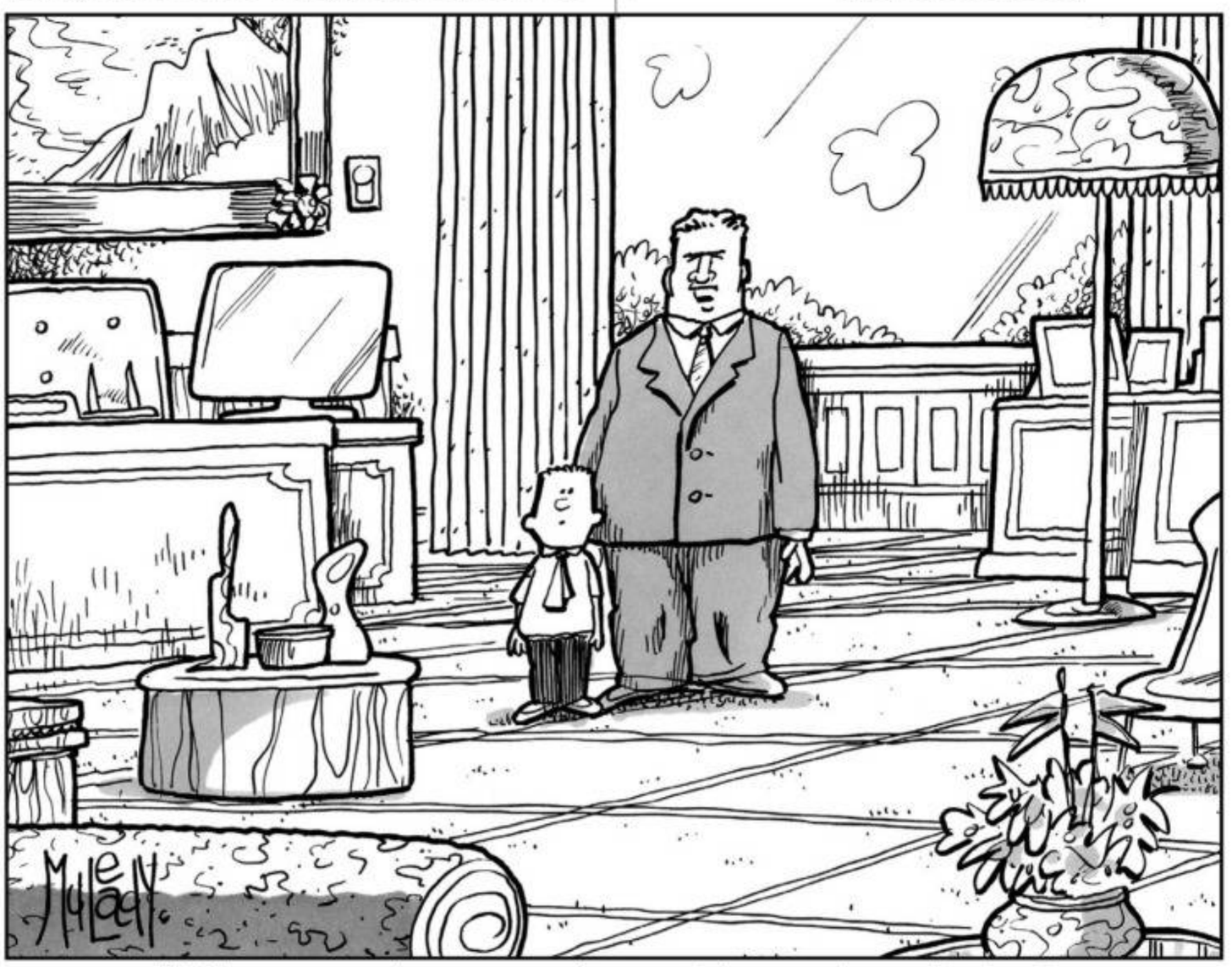
A suspect's rights have been trampled by the media on countless occasions. I guarantee that if you tune in to the *Today* show tomorrow morning, within the first half-hour you'll find just this kind of story. That's where it always runs.

These stories aren't really news; they are bloody freak show attractions that don't affect your life in the least. If you had never heard about "Octomom" or Caylee Anthony, you wouldn't be missing anything important.

I don't believe that TMZ even covered those stories. It was too busy showing pictures of singer Rihanna's battered face (which the networks appropriated and used over and over again) and chasing Kim Kardashian around town. And, oh yeah, TMZ also discovered that your tax money was being misused by Northern Trust Bank.

TMZ never hides what it is and makes no excuses for its behavior. The Web site and televised offshoot are honest about their journalism. The real sleaze merchants are the TV personalities who parade around as "journalists," pretending their shit smells beautiful.

Alex Bennett is a longtime HUSTLER contributor. The two-time Emmy winner, who broke into broadcasting at age 14, currently calls Sirius Left 146 his radio home.



"When we take money from rich people and give it to the poor, it's called socialism. When we take money from poor people and give it to the rich, it's called tough shit."

"And remember...this money never touched my hands!"

Erotique

THE LEGENDARY SEX GODDESS RIFFS ON SEX, PORN, THE INTERNET, RELIGION, DRIVE-IN MOVIES—AND DID WE MENTION SEX?

It doesn't figure you bought this magazine for the deathless prose in my column. You slid your money across the counter so you could look at pictures of naked girls and get aroused. Duh! You may not realize, however, that as you flip through the pages with one hand and stroke your best friend with the other, you're joining a long line of erotica devotees.

I never paid much attention to erotic pictures or literature. But I have a unique view of erotica, having been the occasional subject of it. I have been photographed nude, semi-nude and fully clothed more often than any other actress, I think. And, according to the fan mail I get, my pictures and movies do the trick. I have been told *soooo* many times by male fans that I was their first fantasy, or that my movies at a drive-in theater were responsible for a shotgun wedding or love child. An awesome responsibility.

The ancient Chinese and Japanese were early believers in the power of pictures to crank up a nice stiffy.

Looking at naughty pictures is, I think, a unique aspect of the human mind. The other members of the animal kingdom do it in a more direct manner: See or smell female in heat, chase down female, have sex with female, go to sleep. Simple, direct and to the point.

I never met a man who didn't want it that way too. But man (and his cousin, monkey) is the only animal that will have sex with no one else in the room. This dates back to the dawn of our species. One imagines cavemen drawing pictures of nude cavewomen on their walls and jerking off by the fire.

Centuries ago some of the world's most artful pornography was created in Asia, featuring beautiful silk paintings of people having sex. The ancient Chinese and Japanese were early believers in the power of pictures to crank up a nice stiffy. Magazines like HUSTLER are the heirs to this grand tradition. And, of course, the Internet opened up all sorts of new prurient possibilities.

The advent of the Internet, even more than the invention of the VCR, brought porn into the home, where it belongs. (The VCR also got people out of those damp seats in the Pussycat Theater.) The Internet created a populist movement in pornography. For better or worse, not only could anyone look at porn, but anyone with a cheap camera, computer and a streak of exhibitionism could make it. Because Dad or your older brother didn't need to hide his magazine in a sock drawer anymore, porn quietly slithered in through the Internet connection at your home, grabbed a box of Kleenex, and made itself comfortable.

Some religious folks think that all this looking at naked pictures is wrong and that somehow if children see those bared breasts, bottoms and beavers, it would mean eternal damnation for them. If it really was wrong, shouldn't they have managed to stamp it out a long time ago, what with God on their side and all? Like the comedian Brother Dave Gardner said back in the 1960s (you can Google him; he was way, way ahead of his time comedically): "Let them that don't want none have memories of not getting any. Let that not be their punishment but their reward!"

Men are more likely to enjoy pornography than women. Your brains are wired in a fashion that transmits the emotion of a picture directly to your sex organ, often bypassing all notions of propriety or common sense. Make no mistake, women like sexy pictures too, but for the most part we don't make a hobby of it.

Mind you, I'm not saying this is bad. I consider myself a feminist, but unlike many others flying those colors, I don't think a girl getting paid for posing naked is necessarily being exploited. It happens, of course, but often the girls are the ones doing the exploiting. They understand that men will pay for just one glimpse of the female form.

PHOTO BY THOMAS DIXON

There's an attitude, a feeling that I get when I am photographed nude. I construct a kind of instant fantasy of my own for the camera—not unlike, I imagine, the fantasy that you boys construct when looking at pictures. If my fantasy is successful, the result is a photograph that transmits that fantasy to you. If yours is successful, the result is, well, sticky.

Mamie Van Doren—one of Hollywood's legendary "3M" trio, along with Marilyn Monroe and Jayne Mansfield—starred in such "bad girl" films as *Untamed Youth*, *Running Wild*, *Teacher's Pet* and *High School Confidential*. The zesty 78-year-old wrote the tell-all autobiography *Playing the Field* and continues to chronicle her amazing life at **MamieVanDoren.com**.

atlanta
austin
boston
north carolina
south carolina
chicago
columbus
dallas
denver
detroit
gold coast, california
hawaiian islands
indiana

will she?

las vegas
los angeles
miami
montreal
nashville
new england
new jersey
new orleans
new york
orange county
palm springs
philadelphia
phoenix
portland
reno
salt lake city
san diego
san francisco
seattle
tampa
toronto
tucson
twin cities
vancouver
washington d.c.

theeroticreview.com

Pumped

I hope this letter finds you well and in good spirits, Mr. Flynt. I am doing well enough thanks to a welcome surprise the other day: My prize from your gasoline giveaway contest arrived. I only won one of the secondary prizes of $50, but the check was a very welcome sight.

I enter contests like yours whenever I can, but I have not won a prize in a very long time. So I'm grateful to you, Mr. Flynt, and to your staff at HUSTLER for this windfall. It was just the pick-me-up I needed. Thanks also for the hard work you and your staff put into your magazines.

Many "upstanding" people call publications like HUSTLER vile and degrading and blame them for the decay of our society. But more and more, I see HUSTLER as proof that we still have our civil liberties—and not just those that are politically correct.

Finally, many thanks to all of the beautiful, naughty ladies who pose on your pages. May the gods and goddesses bless them, every one.

—Matt Loach
Plattsburgh, New York

Greetings from the Four Corners region. I just got my $50 prize yesterday. I was not the $1,000 grand-prize winner, but I feel like a million-dollar winner right now. I'd like to thank you for the gas in these hard times. The U.S. fuckin' government should think like you more often and help all true Americans.

I am a full-blooded Native American Navajo, but we all bleed red. I know what it's like to have zero money in my pocket. All my true Navajo prayers to you and your staff.

—Sidney "Brave Spirit" Newton
Farmington, New Mexico

Over the Line

Klan cartoons? No, not funny. You shouldn't be giving advice to President Obama. You print Klan cartoons! I subscribe to your magazine for the *funny* cartoons, not the trash. No nigger jokes. No Klan toons.

Get back to your roots: wholesome young babes showing off their biological wares. Or you can buy the mags yourself. By the way, this is coming from a true fan. **—J.O.**

Lehigh Valley, Pennsylvania

Choose Your Ism

Larry, as a man who has become rich practicing capitalism with the best porn magazine on the market, you don't know shit from Shinola about how President Obama should govern. He isn't far enough left for you? He is already trying to inject socialism into this country, which has thrived on capitalism since its inception.

I bet you have already seen a downturn in your income with the stock market tanking. Believe me, if Obama gets his whole plan, you will see your business lose a lot of money. During his campaign he said he wanted to spread the wealth. Pure socialism. Get a grip, for Christ's sake!

—Charles W. Schlimbaum
Stuart, Florida

Let us remind you that the economic crisis and tanking stock market were spurred by eight years of inept Republican rule.

Rockin' the Flats

Thank you for interviewing Eddie Van Halen [April '09], Sammy Hagar and Michael Anthony [May '09]. I'm excited about the Tommy Lee interview in next month's issue [June '09].

I wish we could convince my fellow Utahans that there's more to HUSTLER than explicit images. I'm referring to the ingenious-yet-brazen *Publisher's Statement*, the intoxicating rock interviews and the timely *College Report* page.

I hold a bachelor's degree in print journalism, and each month I'm impressed with the level of delicacy with which HUSTLER handles our world's most relevant issues.

—Dan Connole
Salt Lake City, Utah

Comfort Food

I just want to say how much I'm enjoying your May ['09] issue. Veronica is a true beauty, and Ariel is a real pleasure to feast my eyes upon. During these tough economic times it is nice to enjoy something like HUSTLER. I look forward to each issue. A beautiful woman is to be appreciated and celebrated. **—G.N.**

Seattle, Washington

Friend in Need

I got a good laugh out of the May '09 issue, especially the win-a-date contest winner saying he had just gotten out of a rocky six-year relationship when he got to bang Brooke Taylor. I bet he was having sex during those six years, and I'm sure he's gotten laid just for being in a band. He's definitely had more than I have.

I'm turning 37, and I'm still a virgin! But not by choice. I have health problems, no driver's license, am out of work and going broke. How's that for bad luck? But I'd still like to finally lose my virginity!

I'm glad the winner had a good time. It was nice of his buddy to sign him up for that contest. I sure could use a friend like that.

—Mike Cunningham
Westfield, New Jersey

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

SINGULAIR

End Your Breathing Problems Forever

Some people blame us for the deaths of their crazy relatives simply because the "possible" side effects of our asthma medication Singulair include anxiety, depression and suicidal thoughts. Those bastards have even accused us of being in cahoots with the FDA and the American Lung Association, especially after the latter said it found no "measurable" link between Singulair and suicide.

Sure, we may have conspired with the FDA a few times in the past while rushing questionable drugs to market, but it's not like we would do that again. Hell, we'd probably get caught this time.

USE SINGULAIR The Odds Are With You

HUSTLER Parody: This is not a real ad. This is a commentary about how pharmaceutical giant Merck, the FDA and the American Lung Association may have fast-tracked approval of yet another drug with horrible side effects in order to make massive profits. Business as usual. For more information check out **Pharmalot.com** or type "Singulair and suicide" into your browser. This political parody may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for non-profit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.

Bobby Jindal

Bobby, Bobby, Bobby! What is wrong with you? You, the governor of Louisiana, were handed the perfect opportunity to launch your Presidential bid for 2012, and you just threw it away. You know that, don't you? Back in February, when you stood in front of the TV cameras, rebutting the President's speech to a joint session of Congress, you came across as a total doofus. Even the Republicans dismissed your speech against the President's stimulus package as total crap.

You dumb motherfucker! Did you really think pointing to Hurricane Katrina, as an example, was a smart way to argue that government doesn't work? Granted, in the case of Katrina, the federal government failed miserably. But it was the Republican administration that was in charge of FEMA, you ass-wipe! That's your fucking party!

Then there was that apparent lie about how you and Sheriff Harry Lee, by standing up to the bureaucrats, helped save all those people stranded on rooftops. The evidence suggests you couldn't have been with Lee when you say you were. Too bad we can't ask him; Lee passed away in 2007. How convenient for you.

But that wouldn't be the only lie you've uttered. How about the high-speed rail from Disneyland to Las Vegas?! Everyone watching you (except maybe for Fox News viewers) knew that wasn't really in the stimulus package. We have to assume you did too. Either that or you are dumber than a sacred cow.

Then, Bobby, there was your shameful charge of wasteful spending by Obama, like money for the monitoring of volcanoes. What a stupid, silly waste, right? Well, no, not really. It turns out there are a few volcanoes in the good ol' USA that scientists believe are about to erupt. And here's the real joker: One of them is in Alaska, and it's active right now!

Do you think maybe Republican Governor Sarah Palin (your potential rival for the 2012 GOP Presidential nomination) might take issue with you on volcano monitoring? She'd probably be very unhappy if her constituents suffocated under tons of soot and ash. And, FYI, another volcano sits beneath Yellowstone National Park. When that one blows, it will take most of Wyoming and Montana with it. Perhaps the citizens of those states would appreciate a little warning, Asshole.

But all of the above is window dressing, isn't it? Your main objective has been to protect the rich at the expense of the working stiff. The problem is that everybody (except maybe brain-dead Fox viewers) knows it is those very Republican policies that, in fact, have totally destroyed our economy. But we guess you, like your GOP compatriots, believe that if you keep saying black is white long enough, people will eventually believe it.

Of course you're used to lying, aren't you, Piyush? That's your real name, isn't it? Bobby is just something you stole from *The Brady Bunch* so you could—dare we say it?—pass for white. Not that there's anything wrong with being Indian, at least not as far as we're concerned. But you seem to have a problem with your ethnicity and heritage. What else explains why you abandoned your Hindu religion at age 16 for Catholicism? Do you really believe that the Pope is God's messenger on Earth? Come on, Piyush!

Speaking of Catholicism, is it true you participated in an exorcism while in college? A fucking exorcism?! Did you think you were in a goddamned movie or what? Have you ever taken a course in psychology? News flash, Bobby: Exorcisms are superstitious nonsense.

Maybe you're just an idiot. Only a total idiot would turn down $98 million from the stimulus package targeted for Louisiana's unemployed. You, sir (and we really don't mean "sir"), are actually willing to deprive your fellow citizens of money they need to survive. On what principle exactly? With this kind of leadership it's no wonder Louisiana is one of the poorest states in the Union.

But forget the foregoing. The worst part of your anti-Obama speech, Governor, was its tone. You delivered it in a singsong and patronizing manner, as if you were talking to children. We are not children. (Except, of course, for Fox News viewers.) The American people do not appreciate being talked down to—or lied to.

Wake up, Mr. Jindal: Reagan-era trickle-down economics does not work! The past 28 years have proven it's a failure. Deregulation of business doesn't work. Wall Street's lying-scum wheeler-dealers have made that clear by bankrupting our country while shoveling tons of money into their own coffers. Yet these are the basic principles you support. America doesn't need this. America doesn't need an Asshole like you.

FARTS IN THE WIND

•**John Thain** is nothing less than human garbage. You remember him, right? He's the Merrill Lynch CEO who spent over a million dollars redecorating his office while seeking billions of taxpayer dollars to bail out his bankrupt investment company. Even worse, after losing over $27 billion in one year, this cretin somehow still expected a $10-million bonus and billions more for his pals. Thain was, thankfully, fired. But he should have been put on trial and, when convicted, taken out and hung from the nearest light post.

•**Ali Velshi**—CNN's Chief Business Correspondent and a regular Wall Street cheerleader—actually had the nerve to defend the bonuses given to employees of banks and investment houses receiving bailout money. His argument: Bonuses are considered a normal part of salary structures on Wall Street. Sans bonuses, a lot of the lower-echelon employees might take home significantly less each year. We say they're damned lucky to be taking home anything. Their firms are broke! And the American taxpayer didn't cause the problem; they did! Velshi is a moron. CNN should fire him.

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

Dirty girl Sunset Thomas makes her mark.

Swift action

PHOTOS BY J.R. REYNOLDS

Porn pals

LEGENDS OF LUST

Showgirl Video in Las Vegas once again played host to the annual Legends of Erotica induction ceremony. The event honors porn luminaries, who cap off the festivities by leaving impressions of their hands (and sometimes boobs or asses) in wet cement.

This year's Hall of Fame inductees included Sunset Thomas, Stephanie Swift, Tom Byron, Shane and the late Gerard Damiano (director of *Deep Throat*).

"We have reason to believe that man first walked upright to free his hands for masturbation." —LILY TOMLIN, ACTRESS

GOT GAS?

Congratulations to the winners of HUSTLER's Gas Giveaway! One hundred lucky readers each received a check for $50 worth of free gas, while grand prize winner Frank Walsh of Naples, Florida, drove off with a thousand bucks.

What other publication gives you free gas? None! That's why, even in these tough economic times, you need America's Magazine—HUSTLER.

NEWS BABES

Las Vegas is teeming with hot women who work as strippers, showgirls, escorts and…newscasters. Meet Lisa Remillard from Sin City's Channel 13 (ABC affiliate KTNV). The blond beauty with the seductive pout will make you want to go all in. Thanks to G.K. of Boulder City, Nevada, for an awesome submission.

To nominate a local or network news personality, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture) to HUSTLER News Babes, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

CELEBRITY FANTASY

WHAT WOULD *Michele Bachmann* LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

Seeing this fucking nutcase Republican asshole piece of shit congresswoman with a faceful of man meat sure gets our vote.

DISCLAIMER. Parody; no such picture of Michele Bachmann actually exists. If one did, it might take an act of Congress to get hold of it. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose.

Sign of the Times

Or, if you're a woman, you can just raise your skirt and move your underwear to the side. Thanks to L.D. of Athens, Ohio, for this entry.

Have you seen a funny sign? If you do, snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER Sign of the Times, c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for 50 bucks.

"You know the worst thing about oral sex? The view." —MAUREEN LIPMAN, ACTRESS

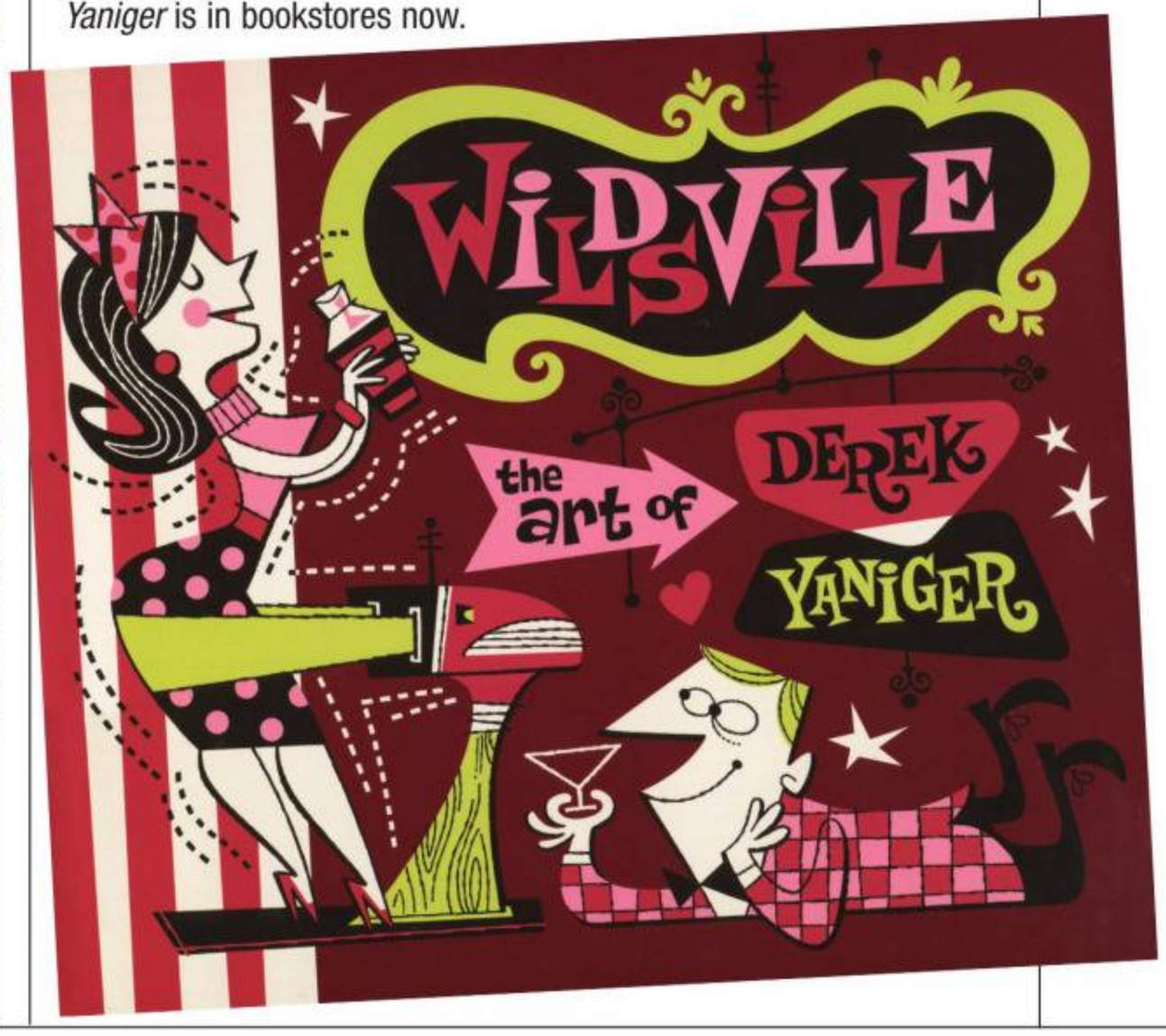
HUSTLER BOOK CLUB

Wildsville

The Art of Derek Yaniger

SEAL OF APPROVAL HUSTLER SEAL OF APPROVAL

Welcome to *Wildsville*, a retro ride through the swingin' art of hep-cat artist Derek Yaniger. Packed with illustrations of tiki culture and beatnik burlesque, this funky and fun book is perfect for any cool cat's coffee table. Dig? *Wildsville: The Art of Derek Yaniger* is in bookstores now.



NEWSBITES

Fresh-Brewed Sex

Ethiopians claim they hate condoms, but not because they desensitize sex. Nope, the people there say that the smell of latex makes them sick. That's why a U.S. nonprofit organization named DKT is manufacturing coffee prophylactics, which are said to smell and taste just like the brewed drink with a touch of cream and sugar added. If these dark-brown latex rubbers become a big hit, it will be only a matter of time before Starbucks in Ethiopia changes its name to StarFucks.

Parting Shots

Remember your wedding day? Well, even if you don't, a photographer was on hand to capture all the celebratory moments. Now you can have similar mementos from your divorce. An Italian photographer is offering up wedding-style albums for couples breaking up, and they've been selling like hotcakes. Do you know why divorce is so expensive? Because it's worth it!

Online Dump

Speaking of divorce, a 39-year-old lady from Denmark claimed she was "humiliated" after finding what her husband posted on the Internet. No, it wasn't naked pictures of her. The unhappy spouse announced that he was seeking a divorce on a popular social networking Web site. Somebody finally got fucked on Facebook!

Hairy Scary

Breaking up is hard to do. (See a common theme here?) A man in Croatia was forced to file a restraining order against a former girlfriend, who'd been sending him a flood of postcards with snippets of her hair taped to them. The fed-up guy wanted to put a stop to the unwanted deliveries before things got really hairy. Hey, at least his jilted lover didn't mail him an ear. (Yes, we made a Van Gogh reference in HUSTLER.)

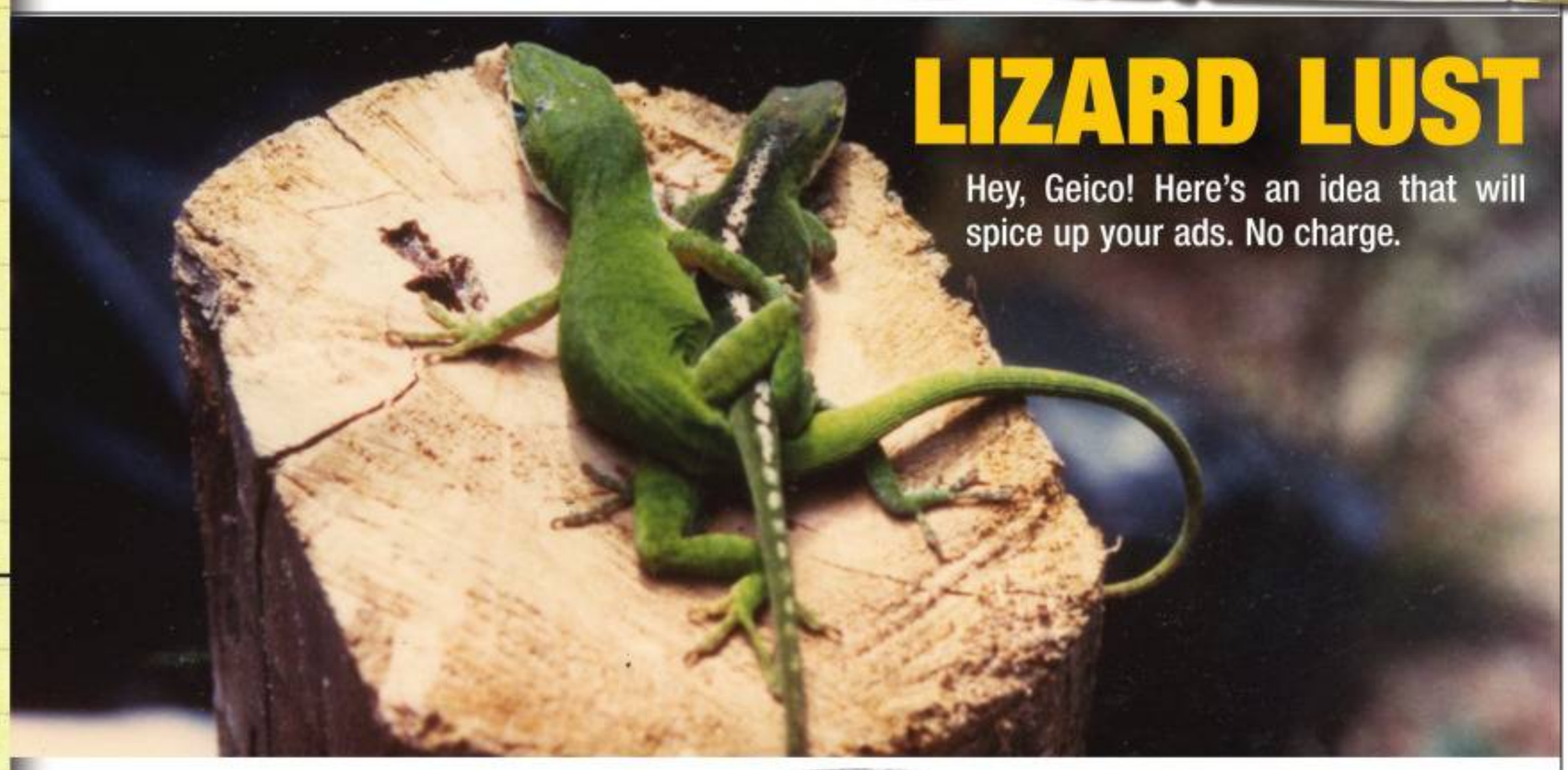
PORN FROM THE PAST

Here's our favorite kind of four-play! Thanks to J.T. of Wells, Vermont, for this gorgeous girlie grope.

Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER, Porn From the Past, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

LIZARD LUST

Hey, Geico! Here's an idea that will spice up your ads. No charge.



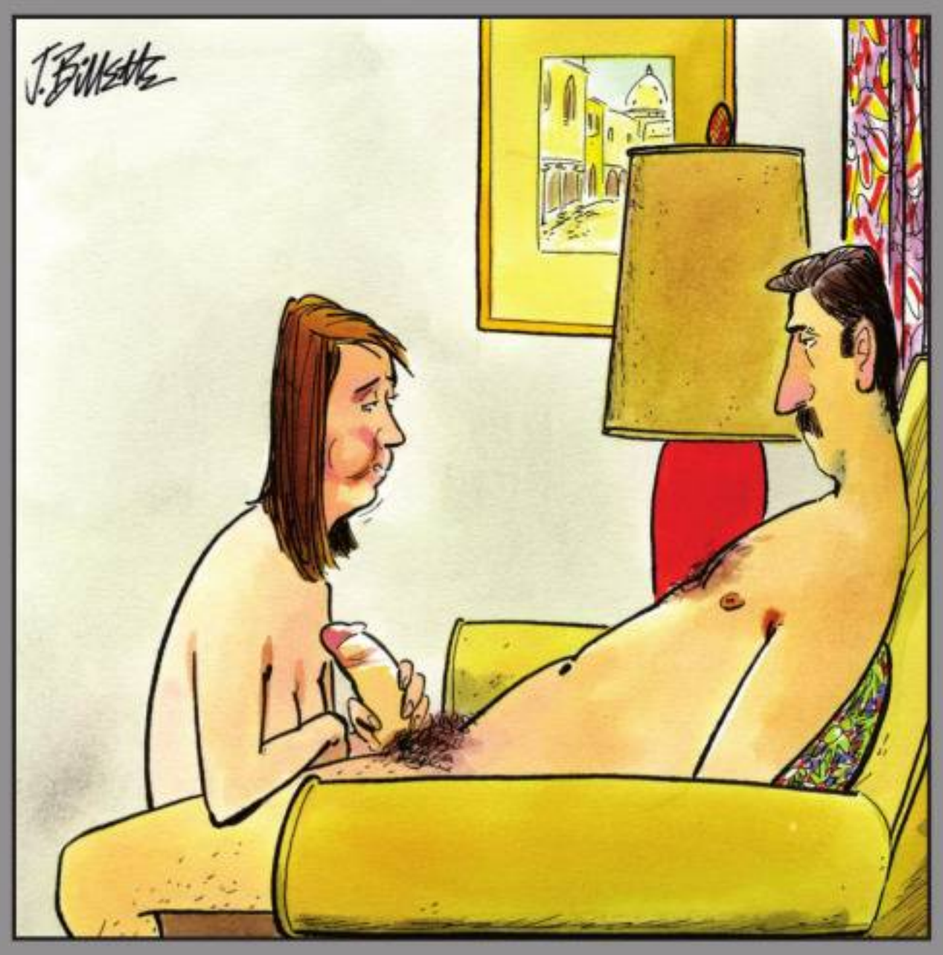
GET YOUR GEEK ON

Time for you to boldly go…to the toy store!

Check out these cool collectibles from the new *Star Trek* movie! They include a model of the starship *Enterprise*, a replica of the spacecraft's bridge and a detailed communicator. Beam us up, Scotty!

"The perfect lover is one who turns into a pizza at 4:00 a.m." —CHARLES PIERCE, ACTOR

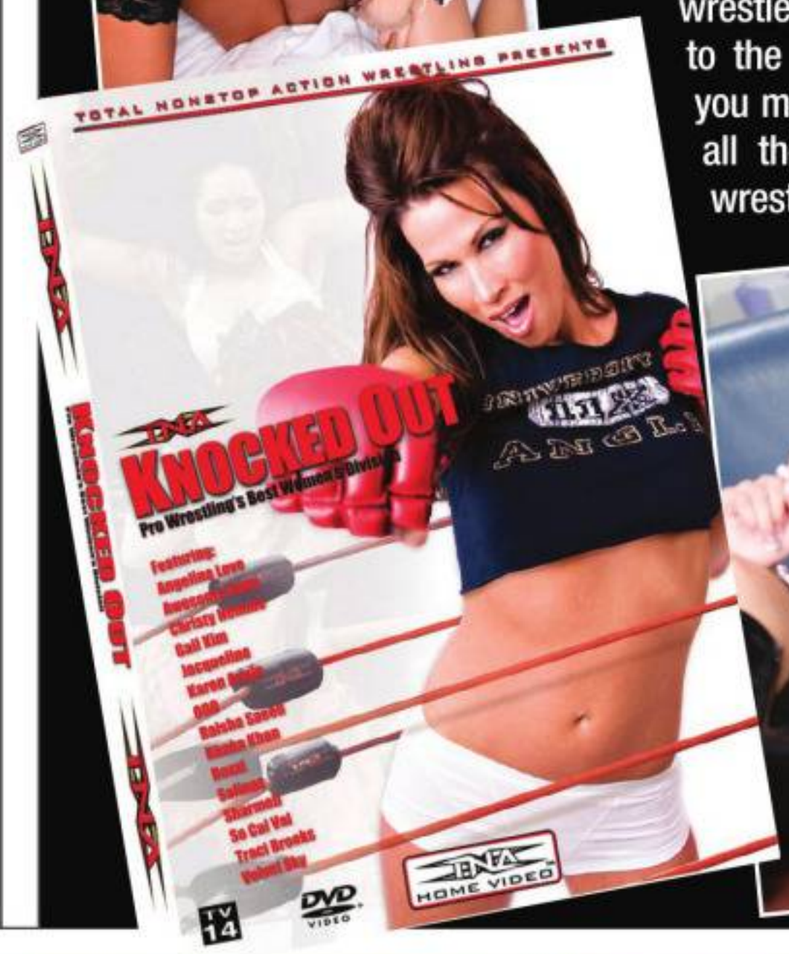
"MOST TASTELESS" CARTOON



"Maybe you should see a doctor. I shouldn't have to chew your cum."

"I'm the outdoor type. As soon as a woman mentions commitment, I'm out the door." —SCOTT ROEBEN, HUMORIST

BODY-SLAMMING BABES!



WE LOVE kickass ladies who can kick ass. Meet the lovely TNA (Total Nonstop Action) Knockouts. More than just eye candy, these hotties are professional wrestlers who give new meaning to the term "wham bam thank you ma'am!" You can check out all their action on TNA's new wrestling DVD *Knocked Out.*

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH

What the hell does a gang-bang have to do with jeans? Who cares? The chick is hot! Thanks to the fine folks at Calvin Klein for providing this nice slice of found porn.

Tease to Please

ZEINA HEART

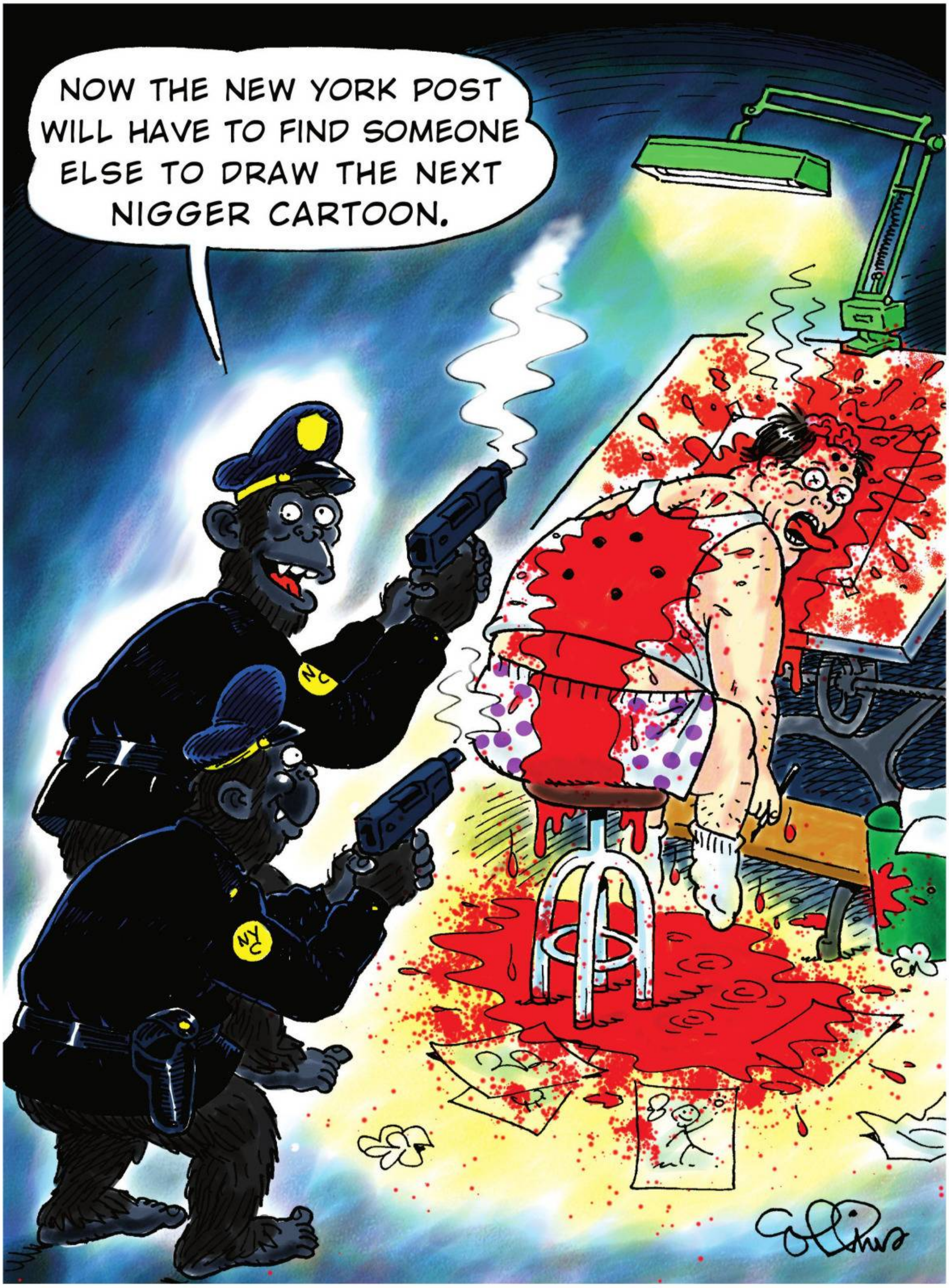
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

I guess you could describe me in two words," chirps zesty porn star **Zeina Heart**. "*Tease* and *please*. I love getting men all worked up to the point of frustration and then ravishing them with my hands, mouth and pussy. I know how to satisfy."

No matter what the circumstances, **Zeina** is one lusty Latina. "Sex in my personal life really isn't all that different than on film," she explains, "except there are fewer cameras and lights. I'm not one of those girls who got into porn because they had no other talents. I got into it for the sex. Seriously, I did! There are plenty of other ways I could make a decent living, but none that involve sex. I'm definitely a bit of a nymphomaniac. As a porn actress, I love being able to play with hot guys and girls every day. Sometimes I think the orgasms are better payment than the cash."

Many eager chicks arrive in Porn Valley only to quickly ride off into the sunset. Not **Zeina Heart**. "I plan on doing this for as long as guys want to watch me getting down and dirty," she asserts. "After they lose interest, I'll probably go behind the scenes and direct or something. While building my Web site, I learned so much about the adult business. I think I can really help young girls starting out. Plus I'll get to fool around with some of them. I told you I'm a nympho!"

ZEINA HEART'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Apache Junction, Arizona | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Gemini | HEIGHT: 5-4 | WEIGHT: 99 | MEASUREMENTS: 34B-24-34


NOW THE NEW YORK POST WILL HAVE TO FIND SOMEONE ELSE TO DRAW THE NEXT NIGGER CARTOON.
NYC
NYC

Seeing Double on a Down-and-Up Day!

As the two women stripped me, I was too shocked to move. Eva gently slid the shirt from my shoulders while her sister, Ally, tugged on my jeans. The second I was naked, they both dropped to their knees. Eva engulfed my nut sac as Ally planted little sucking kisses up and down the length of my shaft, from base to crown and back again. When Eva poked her tongue behind my balls to lap at my taint, I had to lean against the wall to keep from falling.

Except for the difference in hair length, the two women were identical—Eva, my wife, and Ally, her twin sister. Same blond curls, same lush curves, same laugh.

I blinked a couple of times just to make sure this was truly happening. Ally pressed a slender finger into my anus. Eva mouthed my dick cap, swirling her tongue under the ridge. Wow, what an unbelievable day!

It had started at approximately 4:45 p.m., when I'd received a call to report to the company's human resources department. *Fuck!* End of the day Friday, with jobs falling all around me like dominoes for the past three months, the call could only mean one thing: I was going to be fired, laid off or however the hell HR wanted to candy-coat it.

The next hour was a blur: calling Eva to break the news, packing my coffee mug and employee-of-the-month plaque and driving home in a haze. I felt about as low as a cockroach.

After ten years of marriage my wife knew all about my tendencies to slip into depression. Eva knew what kind of extraordinary measures it would take to cheer me up. Being shitcanned was definitely extraordinary. When two beautiful babes are working over your cock and balls, it's hard to think about much else.

Now Ally was fingering my browneye and nipping at the inside of a thigh while my wife suctioned my dick—inch by inch between her full, talented lips—to the back of her throat. I looked down to see four sky-blue eyes looking back at me. As one sister swallowed my entire prick, the other mouthed my balls and pushed her finger in deep to tickle my prostate.

Fuck! I exploded. All the stress and tension of the day pulsed out with the jism jetting from my cock. Eva swallowed the first stream, then let the rest trickle down my pole for her sister to lap clean.

As I floated back to Earth, I realized that we were all still in the little entryway to our apartment and that I was the only one naked. No one really said anything for an awkward minute. I tried to thank Eva, but my wife shushed me. The sisters simply nodded at each other, and then, as if planned, they took hold of my hands and led me to the bedroom.

When I'd fantasized about this moment—and you can bet I'd often fantasized about this moment—the sisters had always undressed each other. But I guess that was a little too much to expect. Instead, I sat on the bed and watched, smiling, as my wife and Ally bared their curves. It was astounding how identical the two women were, right down to that sweet dimple on the right butt cheek. But where my Eva's bush was strawberry blond and luxurious, Ally kept her cooch completely shaved.

Naked, the beauties lay side by side on the bed, long legs slightly spread. I realized there wasn't going to be any girl/girl action, and I also had a feeling this was a onetime thing. So I took a second to think about how to best take advantage of the situation.

And then it occurred to me: compare and contrast. Starting with my wife, I pressured my prick cap between her familiar, fuzzy labes and took several long, balls-deep strokes. Then, moving over to her sister, I lunged in to my nuts. Ally's snizz felt so delightfully smooth against my sac. And the way she arched her back off the mattress with every thrust was different than Eva's usual response. But it seemed the sisters' cunts were made from the same mold—tight, wet and clutching.

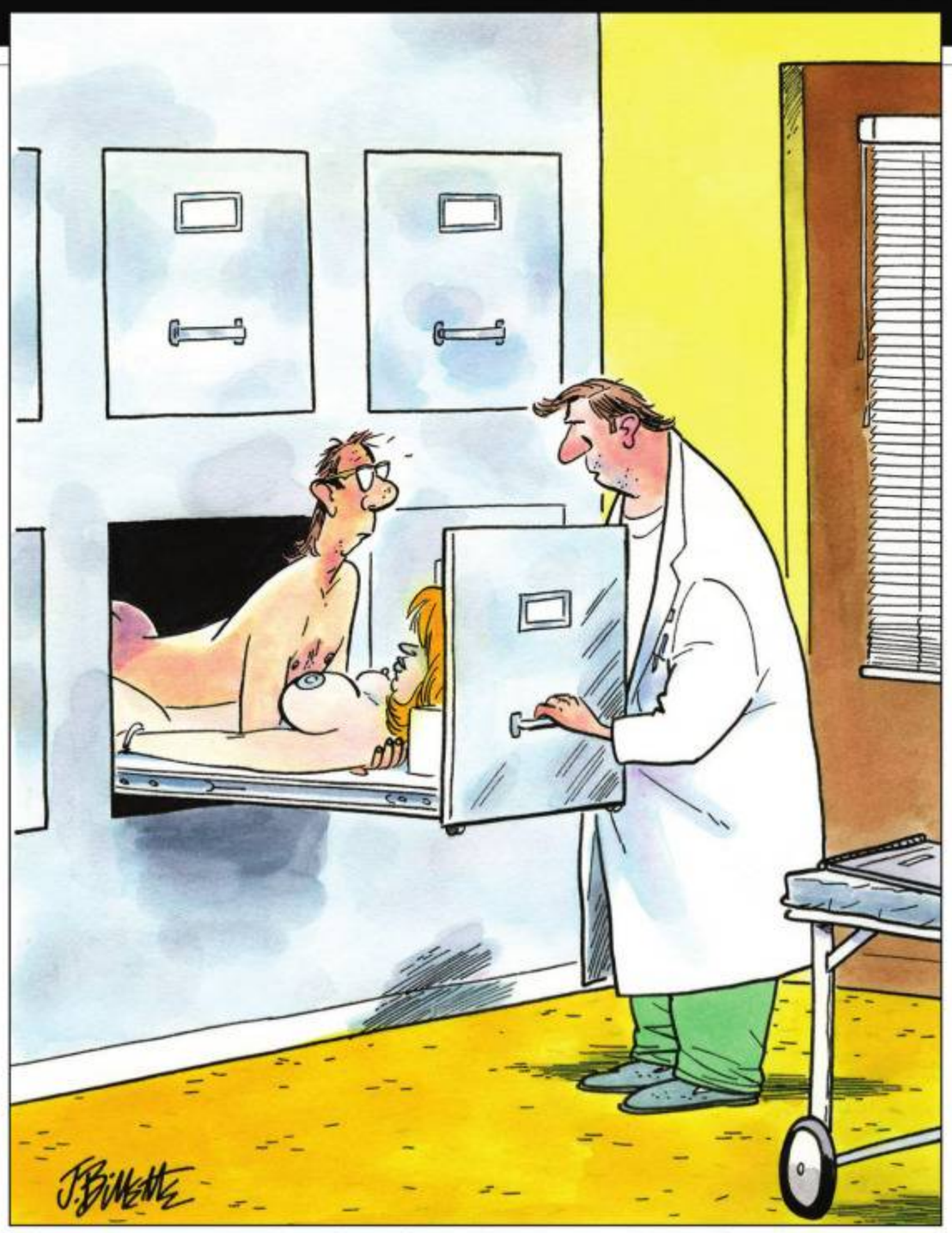
I moved back and forth between them, alternating five or six long strokes apiece, and somehow I lasted till both sisters orgasmed before I pulled out of Ally and spray-painted all four titties with hot cum. Without doubt, it was the best fuck of my life. And that somehow put everything into perspective.

Oh, I still don't have a job, but my better half made me contemplate what I did have. Jobs come and go, but a love like Eva's lasts a lifetime. I am, indeed, a lucky man.

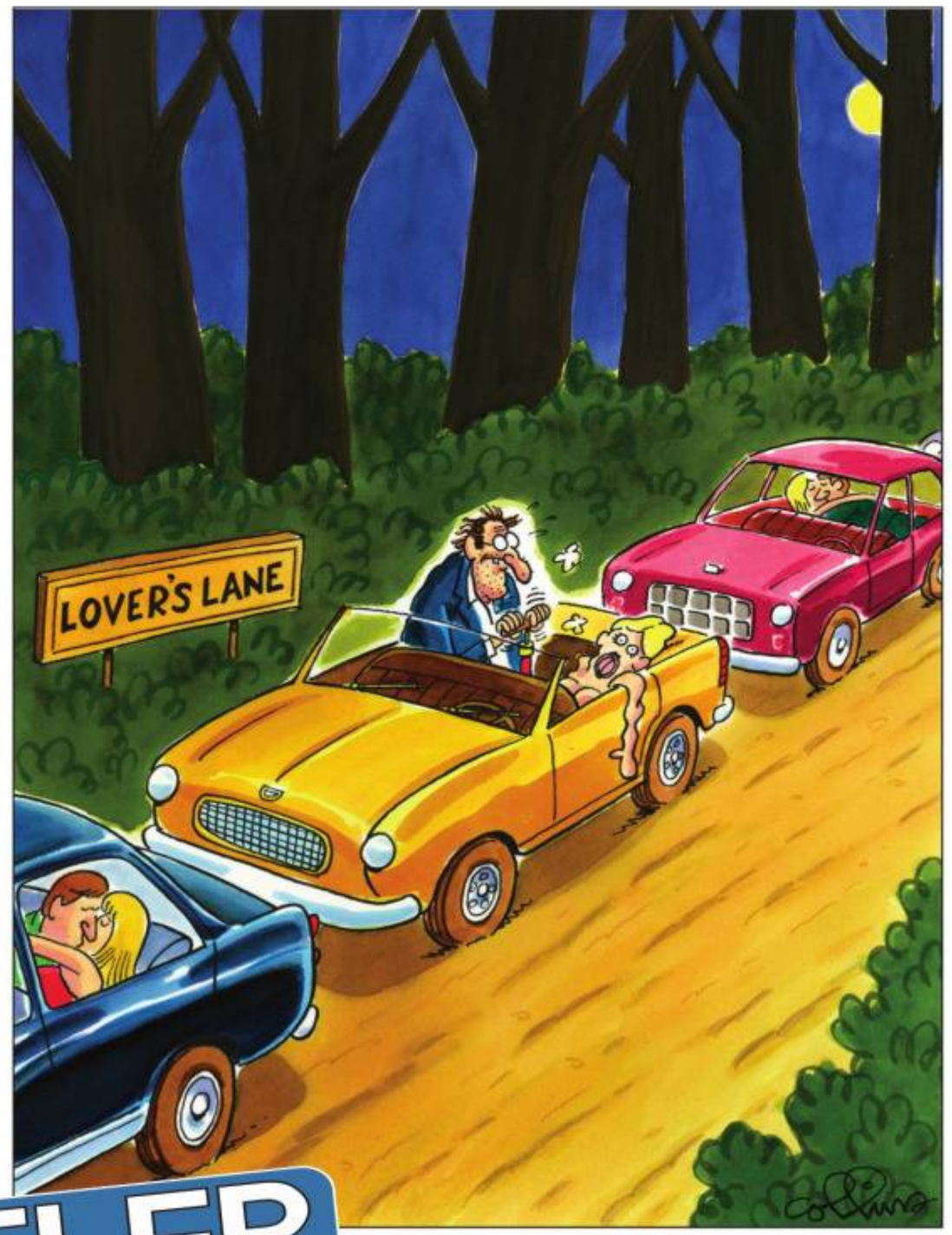
—K.L.
Portland, Oregon

"I have to ask, Bonnie. Are you breaking up with me?"

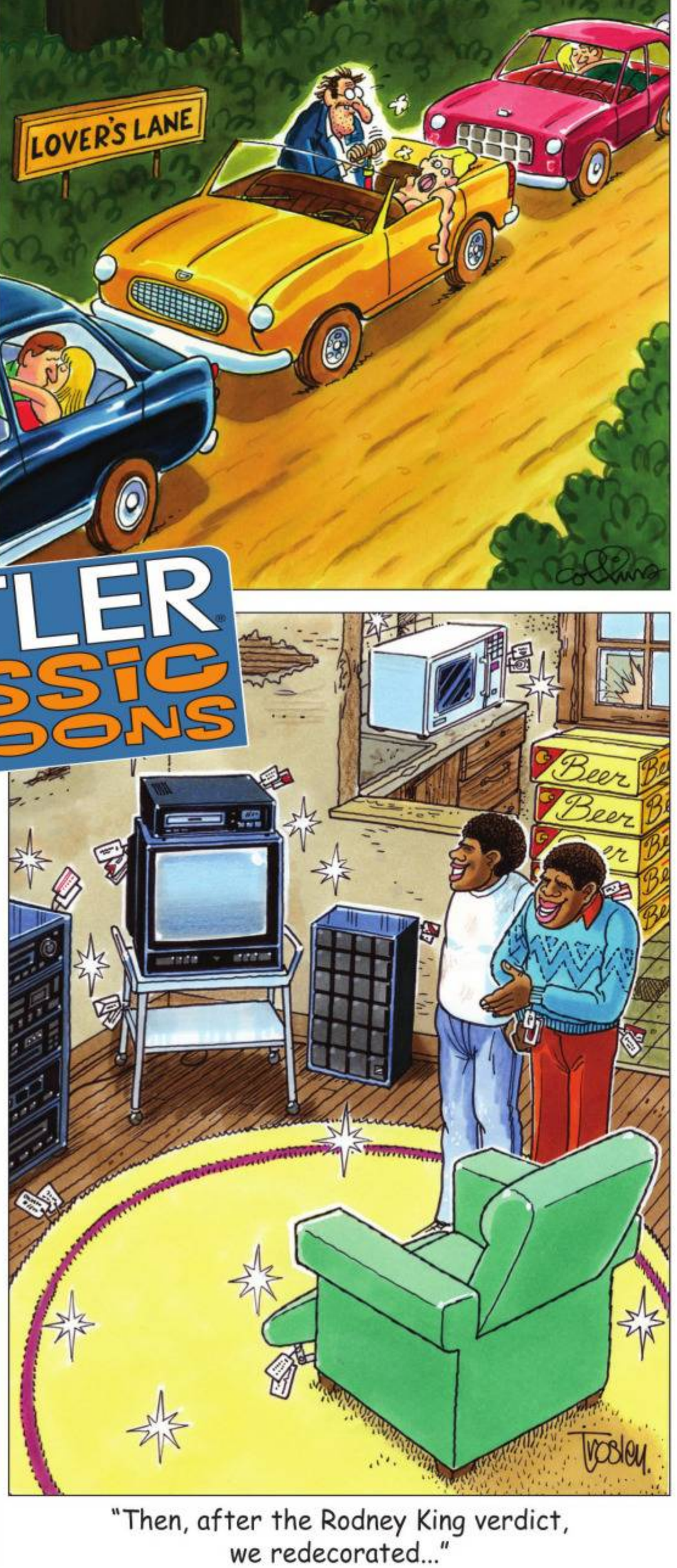
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.



"Hurry it up—the family is here to identify the body."



HUSTLER CLASSIC CARTOONS



"Then, after the Rodney King verdict, we redecorated..."

Jayme Langford

A Day in the Life

JUGGLING CAR TROUBLES, SCHOOLWORK, VIDEO SHOOTS AND GUITAR-PICKING DOESN'T FAZE THIS MAGICAL PORN STAR.

"I WANT YOU TO DO DOUBLE-ANAL ON CAMERA. WHY DON'T YOU DO IT?"

Jayme has a busy day ahead: College quizzes, rock band rehearsals and a girl/girl double-dildo anal scene don't get done by themselves. The latter will have to wait until the director coughs up $1,400, so first things first—a San Fernando Valley car dealer's repair shop.

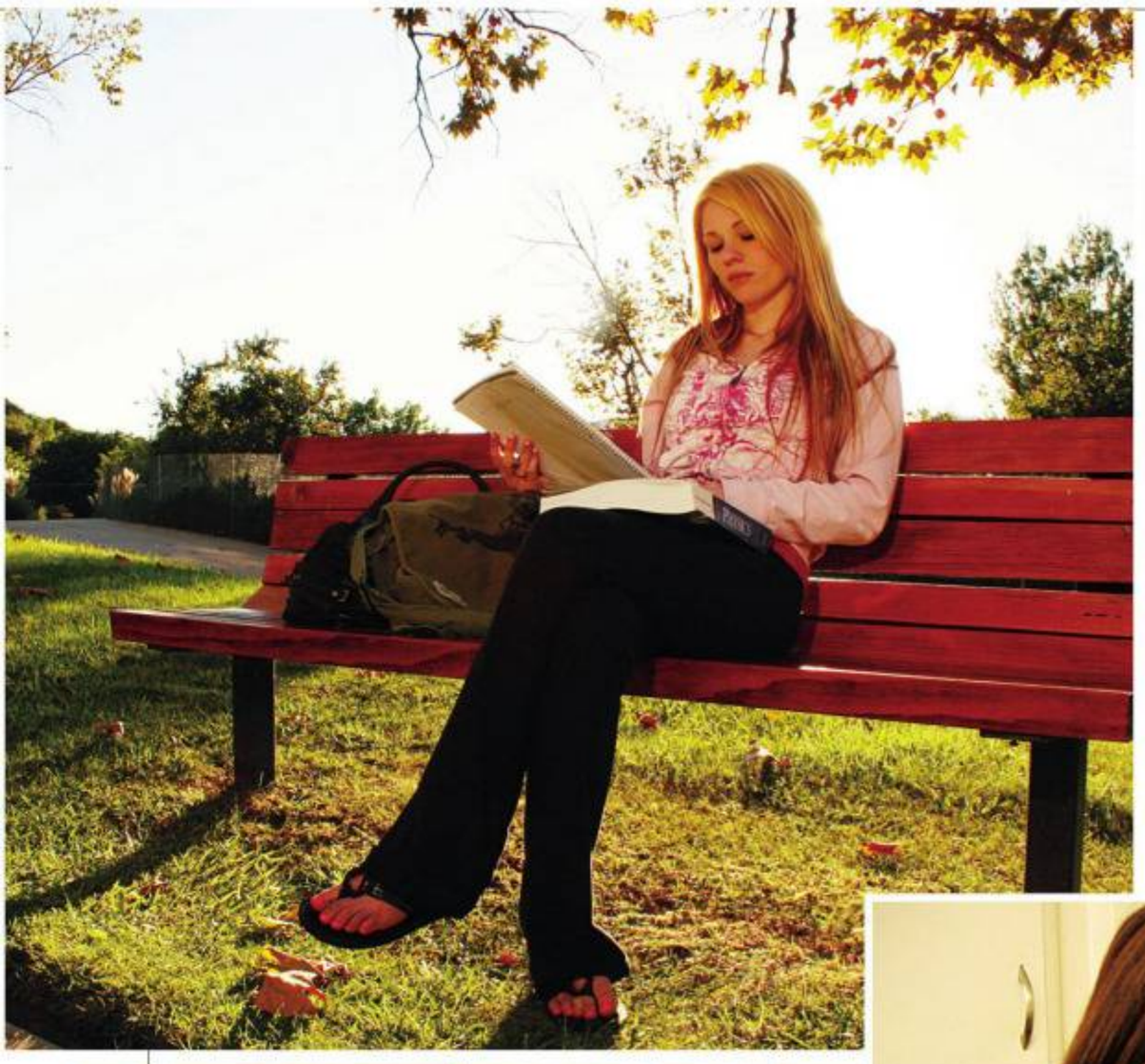
We walk to Jayme's black Mercedes, with a busted sunroof and smashed-in grille. The interior could double as her closet. Riding shotgun are a pile of dietary supplements, a suitcase filled with brassieres and lingerie, a laptop with a SpongeBob sticker and schoolbooks. So the photographer and I cram into the backseat. She drives—sorta fast.

Eschewing morning coffee, the Red Bull woman sips the power drink as she zips through traffic, musing calmly about the morons who complicate her life. Number one on her shit parade is the University of Judaism. "I have nothing to do with the college except for when I'm in class," Jayme says. "I live with a guy who runs a big adult Web site and his girlfriend. I had them tell the school they're my aunt and uncle so I could get permission to live off-campus." Thinking it was a "neat idea," Jayme converted to Judaism.

PHOTOS BY STEPHEN PAYNE

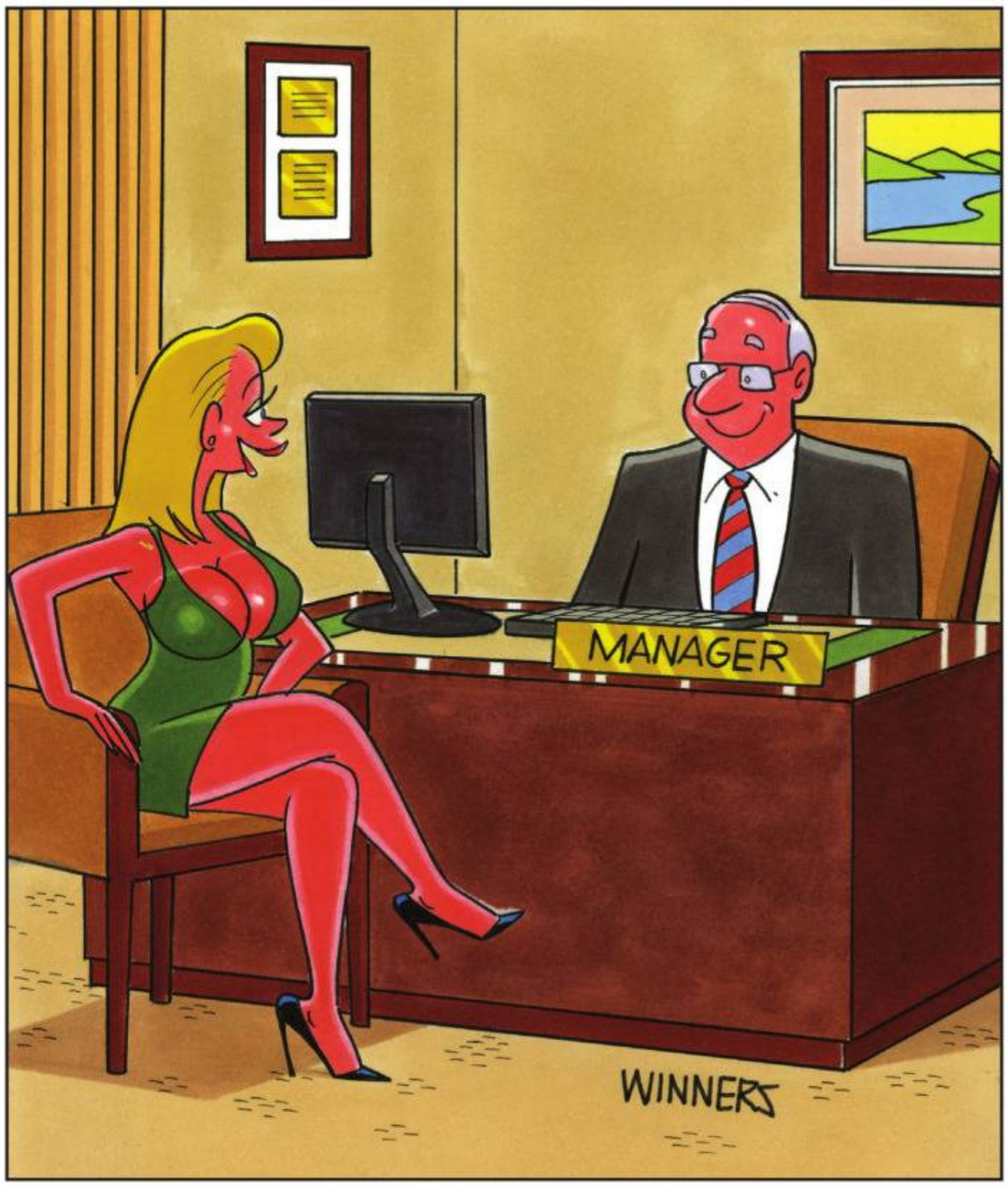
BY JUSTIN HAMPTON

A DAY IN THE LIFE

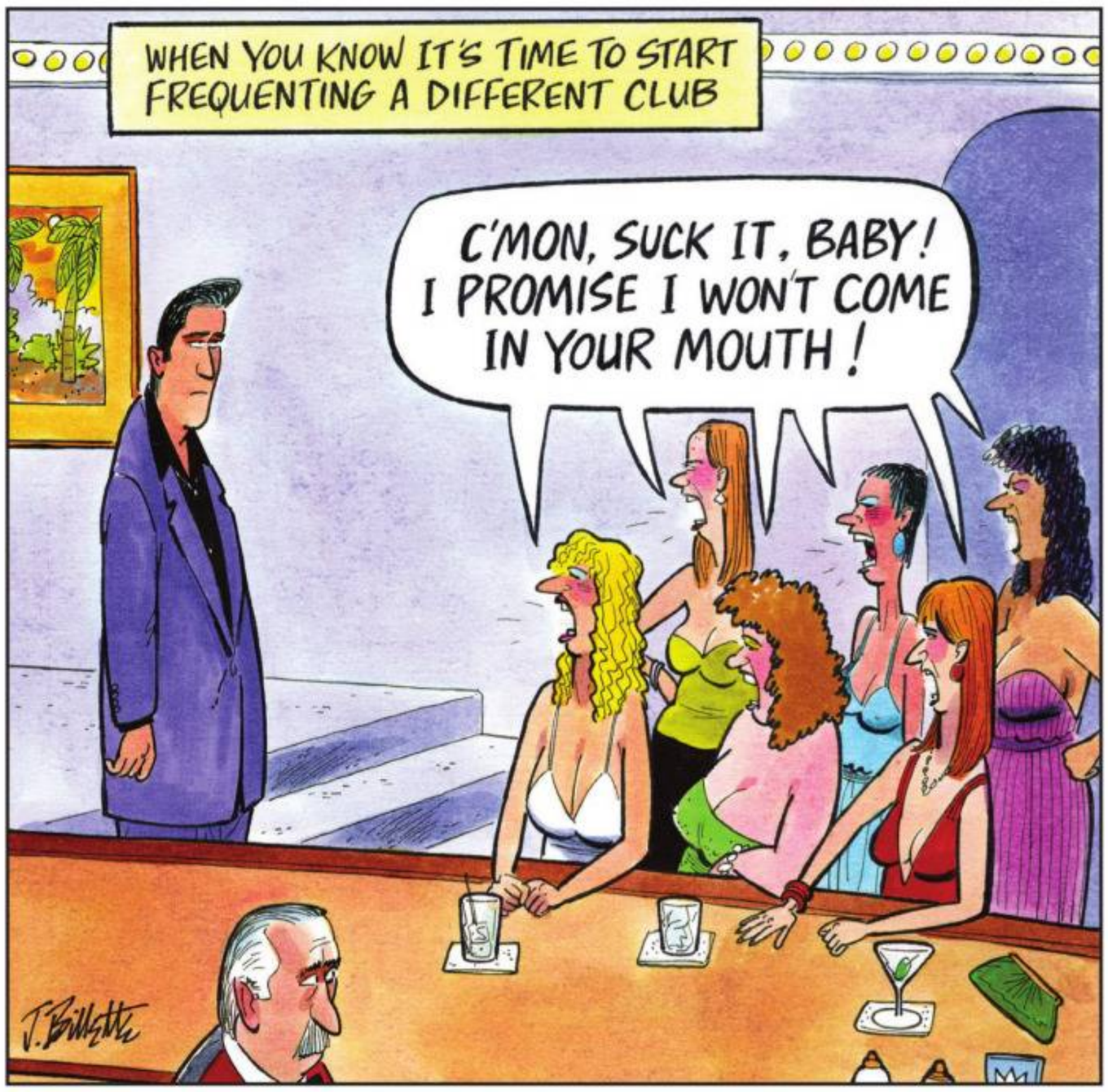


The dealership is just up ahead. There's not a helluva lot of time before her class starts. Jayme hasn't studied for her physics quiz, so she needs to find a sympathetic classmate for some last-minute cramming. At the dealership she's informed that her alternator and front tires need to be replaced.

Waiting for the paperwork, Jayme puts on her wraparound shades, wondering how she's going to accomplish everything. "Every day I'm running around trying to get things done," she explains with surprising calmness, shov-



"Qualifications? Well, I know my ass from a hole in the ground, and I can fuck and chew gum at the same time."


WHEN YOU KNOW IT'S TIME TO START FREQUENTING A DIFFERENT CLUB
C'MON, SUCK IT, BABY! I PROMISE I WON'T COME IN YOUR MOUTH!
J. Billette

ing her clothes into a loaner. "I haven't gone to a gym in three months." As she starts the car, the manager tells her he's waived the costs of her repairs. I wish I had that sort of charm.

Jayme believes it's something she was born with: "I get out of all my traffic tickets, too. I'm just good at getting whatever I need. My dad, he's really spiritual, always thinking good thoughts for me. I think that helps a lot. I always carry around this gigantic crystal that he gave me." From her purse Jayme pulls out a ten-inch quartz crystal big enough to whack Shirley MacLaine into unconsciousness.

The staid-sounding University of Judaism is 20 minutes away in secluded, bucolic Bel-Air. Despite its panoramic view of Los Angeles, Jayme doesn't like this school much, hoping to transfer to USC or UCLA. Apparently the dissatisfaction became mutual once UJ administrators discovered her ties to the adult industry. Her MySpace profile and exposure on HUSTLER Casino billboards all over the city let that secret out a long time ago.

"The kids on campus were coming to party at my house and, like, Ron Jeremy and all these porn girls are there, so my background was kind of obvious," she says with a laugh. The university pulled her financial aid after learning she'd been acting in adult films.

Going through the canyon to Bel-Air, she takes the curves hard and fast. "Everything's always worked out for me—every risk I've ever taken, and I've taken a lot of big risks, like moving out here from Rhode Island," Jayme remarks. "I dropped out of the University of Maine in the middle of a semester to relocate. I didn't have any money, and now I know all sorts of people."

We arrive 15 minutes early. As we reach her classroom building, Jayme stops. The coed's course materials are in her Mercedes. We need to haul ass back to the Valley. We jump in the loaner and speed away. She soon notes a pain in her jaw, courtesy of transparent braces: "They suck. I have a constant headache. But I already paid for the whole thing. Can't back out now."

Somehow she handles all of these stresses—morning traffic, a missed class, aches and pains—with grace rather than irritability. Even her complaints sound engaging. Jayme will tell you with no bitterness about losing the house in which she grew up when her father, who ran an online casino, saw his profession made illegal. She has reason enough to be angry with humanity, but she's not. She'd rather see people live well. She says it's one of the reasons she's studying for a career in cosmetic surgery.

It takes a while to find the dealership again; without GPS, Jayme ends up guessing a lot on the road. But once there, she grabs her books, and we head back to Bel-Air, music by Clutch blasting out of the car's speakers. On the way, her dad calls, then her agency calls again, prompting *(continued on page 89)*

A HUSTLER Movie Parody

XXX-MEN ORIGINS: KILLVERINE!

Written and drawn by Noel Anderson

HI, FOLKS! KILLVERINE HERE! LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR MARBLE COMICS TO TROT OUT ANOTHER SEQUEL IN THE VERY POPULAR XXX-MEN FRANCHISE!
THE DIFFERENCE, HOWEVER, WITH THIS FILM IS THAT IT'S FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY OTHER ENTRY IN THE XXX-MEN SERIES!
BECAUSE IT SHOWCASES THE ORIGIN OF THE FANS' ALL-TIME FAVORITE MUTANT, KILLVERINE?
NO! BECAUSE FOR ONCE I WON'T BE COMPETING FOR SCREEN TIME WITH HALLE BERRY... THAT STUPID BITCH!
CHIEF PUSSY INSPECTOR
SWISS ARMY FIST

LET'S SEE IF I CAN'T SHED A LITTLE LIGHT ON MY *BACKGROUND* FOR YOU! HMM! I SEEM TO BE SORT OF *FOGGY* ON THE SPECIFICS! LET'S SEE HERE...

HEY, *BABY*! HOWZABOUT A NICE *SUCKJOB*? WOULD THAT HELP?

AAAH! THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! JUMPING JIMMINY...THIS MIGHT BE JUST THE CATALYST I NEED TO *FINALLY* REMEMBER WHEN ALL THIS JAZZ STARTED GOING DOWN!

IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW!

IT WAS MANY YEARS AGO! I HAD JUST TAKEN A JOB WORKING THE GRILL AT *MILITARY BURGER*!

MILK

SHAKE

SGT. DENNIS *BURGER* WAS MY MANAGER! HE WAS A PRICK...BUT THE JOB WAS *NOT* WITHOUT ITS PERKS!

HOKUM! WHERE THE *FUCK ARE* YOU, RECRUIT? I NEED TWO TANK BURGERS AND TWO ORDERS OF *FREEDOM FRIES*, ASAP!

COMING, *DENNIS*! I'M IN THE STOCK ROOM!

JESUS! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR HIRING A *CANADIAN*!

SGT. BURGER

Sm

Med

Large

GREASE

100% BEEF

IN THE STOCK ROOM...

WE GOTTA HURRY, BABY! DENNIS WILL FIRE *BOTH* OF OUR ASSES IF WE DON'T GET OUT THERE!

NAPKINS

COME FOR ME, *HOKUM*!

IT'S GONNA BE A *GUSHER*, TOOTS!

THAT'S THE *STUFF*! AAAH!

SPUT!

HOKUM, I THINK YOU'VE GOT A LOT OF POTENTIAL, BUT UNFORTUNATELY, THE ONLY THING YOU HAVE ON YOUR MIND IS STICKING YOUR DICK IN MY WAITRESSES!

NOT TRUE! I ALSO STUCK IT IN THE SOFT SERVE!

SODA

SGT. BURGER

WHAT WOULD YOU SAY IF I TOLD YOU I COULD ALTER YOUR GENETIC MAKEUP, TURNING YOU INTO THE GREATEST FRY COOK IN THE WORLD?!

I'D SAY IT'S FUCKED UP YOU KEEP ALL THIS STUFF IN THE BACK ROOM OF A BURGER FRANCHISE!

MILITA BURGE

LAB AREA

EZ BOY RECLINER

RADIOACTIVE WASTE

OUCH!

I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, IT'S GOING TO HURT QUITE A BIT!

FZZZT!!

YOU'VE TURNED ME INTO AN OUT-OF-CONTROL FREAK! LIKE LINDSAY LOHAN DURING HAPPY HOUR!

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

KWAN'S DRY CLEAN

I GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE! IT'S TIME FOR A LITTLE ACTION!

MAINLY BECAUSE THERE'S A SCENE JUST LIKE THIS ONE IN THE FORTHCOMING KILLVERINE VIDEO GAME TIE-IN!

OH MY GOD! THIS IS A MOST AWFUL TRAGEDY!

THAT YOU TURNED HIM INTO A FREAKISH MUTANT?

NO... THAT HE STILL HAD TWO HOURS LEFT ON HIS SHIFT!

MARBLE COMICS HEADQUARTERS...

ALL RIGHT, STAN! I HELD UP MY PART OF THE BARGAIN! NOW EVERYONE MORE OR LESS KNOWS HOW HOKUM BECAME KILLVERINE! SO WHERE'S MY FUCKING MOOLAH?

WELL, IT WASN'T EXACTLY THE WAY I WROTE IT, BUT WHO GIVES A SHIT, RIGHT? GO AHEAD AND GRAB YOURSELF A STACK OF MONEY OUT OF THAT PILE IN THE CORNER!

THE WAY THESE MOVIES ARE RAKING IN THE CASH, WE'LL RUN OUT OF COMIC TITLES TO ADAPT BEFORE THE WELL RUNS DRY!

OFFICIAL SPIDER SHAM LIGHT FIXTURE

SPIDEY CAME HERE!

MARBLE BULL PEN!

BULK

CYCLOD

STAN

$

THESE FANBOYS WILL GO SEE ANYTHING WE CHURN OUT! I'M EVEN THINKING OF MAKING A SEQUEL TO THAT TURD HOWARD THE DUCK THAT WE PUT OUT BACK IN THE '80S!

WHERE'S MY LAWYER? WAUGH!

EX-$ELL-SIOR

THE ARTIST IS OUT OF HIS MIND!

HEH HEH HEH...HOWARD THE DUCK! WHAT AN OBSCURE REFERENCE! I HAVE TRULY OUTDONE MYSELF THIS TIME! THE GANG AT HUSTLER IS GOING TO LOVE THIS ONE!

PENS

GOT POT?

KUSTLER c/o LFP BEVERLY HILLS, CA

HEY, MULEADY! THIS KILLVERINE PARODY IS A STEAMING PIECE OF DOG CRAP! DID ANDERSON DO ANY KIND OF RESEARCH AT ALL ON THIS MOVIE?

NO! LET'S KILL HIM!

KILLVERINE PAGE 4 ANDERSON

OFFICES OF LFP

BOB

END

DIGITAL DESIRE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

Zip File

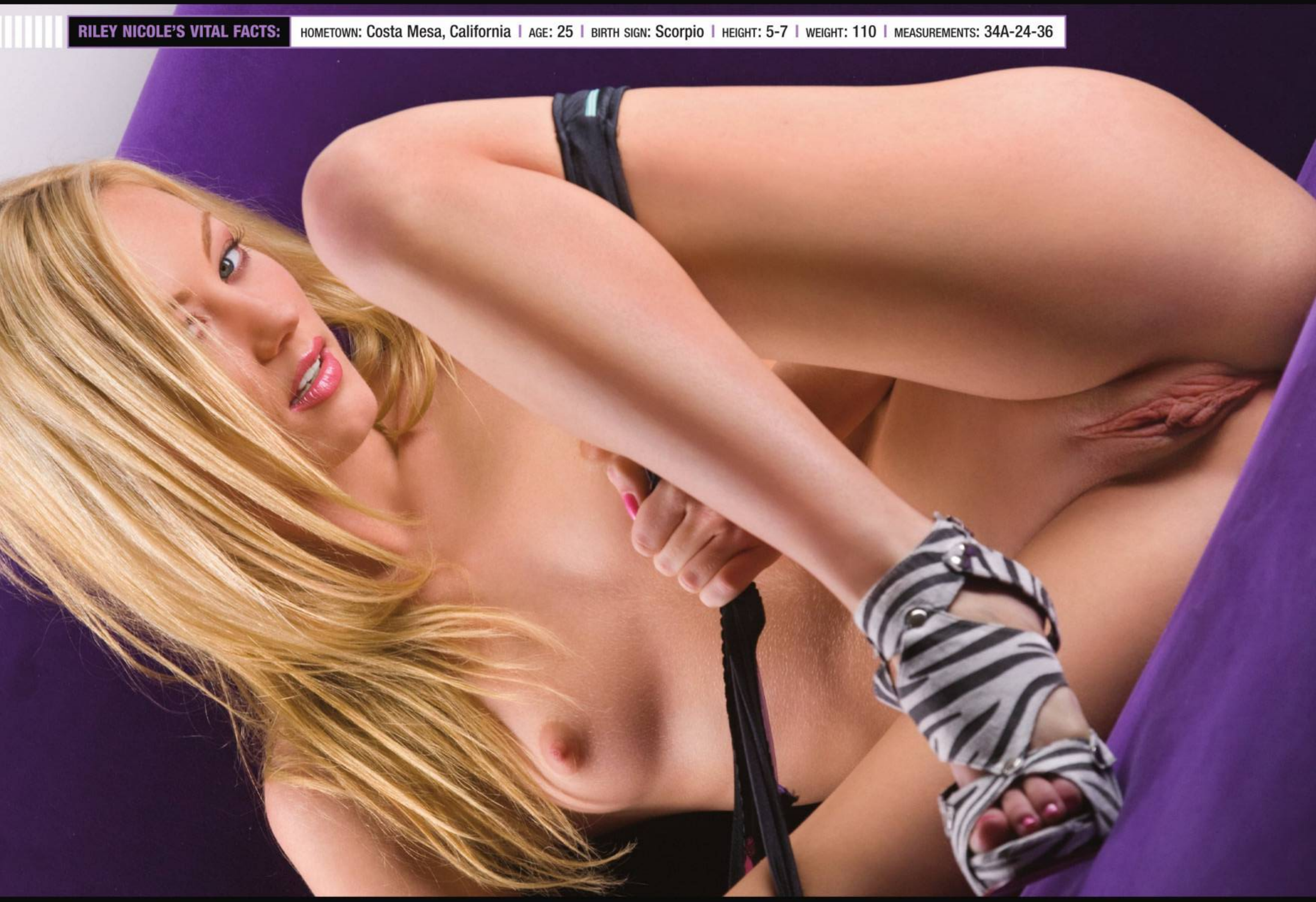
RILEY NICOLE

Riley Nicole is direct: "I get what I want, always. If I see a guy who turns me on, I'll get him—even if he has a girlfriend. Because, after all, chances are his girlfriend won't be as hot as I am. I wanted to be in HUSTLER Magazine, and here I am! I always get what I want."

Riley Nicole is strong: "I wasn't born with this body. I worked to get it. I run every morning and hit the gym every afternoon to lift weights and do Pilates. I can also bench press my own weight. Being in shape comes in handy, especially in the bedroom."

Riley Nicole is perfect: "I need sex. It's hard to find a man who is willing to keep up. When I'm with a guy, I will do anything it takes to get him off. Show up at his office in nothing more than a trench coat for a midday screw. Bring home other girls. Whatever it takes. I'm a giver."

RILEY NICOLE'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Costa Mesa, California | AGE: 25 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-7 | WEIGHT: 110 | MEASUREMENTS: 34A-24-36



The Art of SANDRA CHANG

SandraChang.net

BY NICOLE McCLELLAND

Ping-Pong in Bangkok

PROSTITUTES ABOUND, BUT THE PATPONG RED-LIGHT DISTRICT IS WORLD-FAMOUS FOR ITS MENU OF EXOTIC VAGINA TRICKS.

Dusk has barely settled over Bangkok, and neon is taking over the job of the sun in the Patpong area of Thailand's capital city. I join four vacationing, beer-clutching Scots for fun and safety. We've taken barely a few strides when a slight, middle-aged man halts our progress. He says, without looking anyone in the eye, "Do you want to see a show?" The guy's holding a Ping-Pong ball, letting everyone know what he's touting. But in the Universal Studios of pussy shows, firing Ping-Pong balls is only the most famous item on Patpong's long menu of Stupid Vagina Tricks.

The little man hands us a laminated menu. Similar ones are thrust in the Scots' faces by new shills every few steps. Pussy smoke cigarette. Pussy cut banana. Pussy magic rainbow. Pussy magic razor blade. Silently I wonder if my pussy can do these things. Then I ask the Scot next to me, "Why would anybody want to see a pussy do that?"

"I suppose because it's the thing to do," he speculates. Evidently.

We are packed shoulder to shoulder with attractive white couples, old white guys, white guys in T-shirts and swim trunks, and European grandmas. It's an off-season Monday.

In one of the ground-floor bars lining the street, girls wear-

ILLUSTRATION BY GINA KING/BYGINA.COM

ing matching bikinis and a number wiggle on a crowded stage. Some particularly liberal—or clueless—sunburned tourists lead their tots past the spectacle to browse ersatz designer purses, watches and sunglasses under the glow of a giant pink-and-purple "Super Pussy" sign.

We follow a barker up a dark, narrow staircase. Inside, naked girls are dancing onstage, half-assedly twirling the loose ends of long, multicolored scarves dangling from between their labia. The beer is overpriced. The Scots are badgered into buying sex. The sight of a disinterested girl smoking a cigarette with her genitals isn't particularly appealing. But we watch, fancying ourselves voyeurs of some anciently slutty, twistedly exotic backroom Thai ritual.

The area that makes up the seedy and profitable Patpong district is basically the brainchild of entrepreneur Khun Udom Patpongpanit. His father, an immigrant from China's Hainan Island, had sent young Udom overseas to be educated: London School of Economics, the University of Minnesota. After that came the Office of Strategic Services—now the CIA—which taught him how to parachute into Japanese-held territory in Thailand. Before he could do so, World War II ended, and he returned to Southeast Asia in a more conventional way.

In 1946, Patpongpanit's father purchased a block of land—once a banana plantation—at a bargain price of $2,800. Eventually Udom built a road through the family property.

Originally, Patpong attracted various foreign businesses: Air Vietnam, IBM, Shell. The CIA, busy running clandestine ops in neighboring Laos and Burma, set up offices and a safe house in 1954. Air America took over a big corner building. Its pilots, mechanics and spies lent a different culture to the street—more alcohol, more late-night carousing. In 1956, Patpong saw its first massage parlor, and in 1959 the first bar started up.

But Udom Patpongpanit didn't kick off Bangkok's sex-show bonanza. In 1969, Rhode Island native Rick Menard opened the Grand Prix, the very first establishment in all of Thailand to successfully offer go-go dancers. Patrons could even screw the girls. They were freelancers who tipped the house a few bucks each time they left with someone.

PHOTO BY PORNCHAI KITTIWONGSAKUL/AFP/GETTY IMAGES

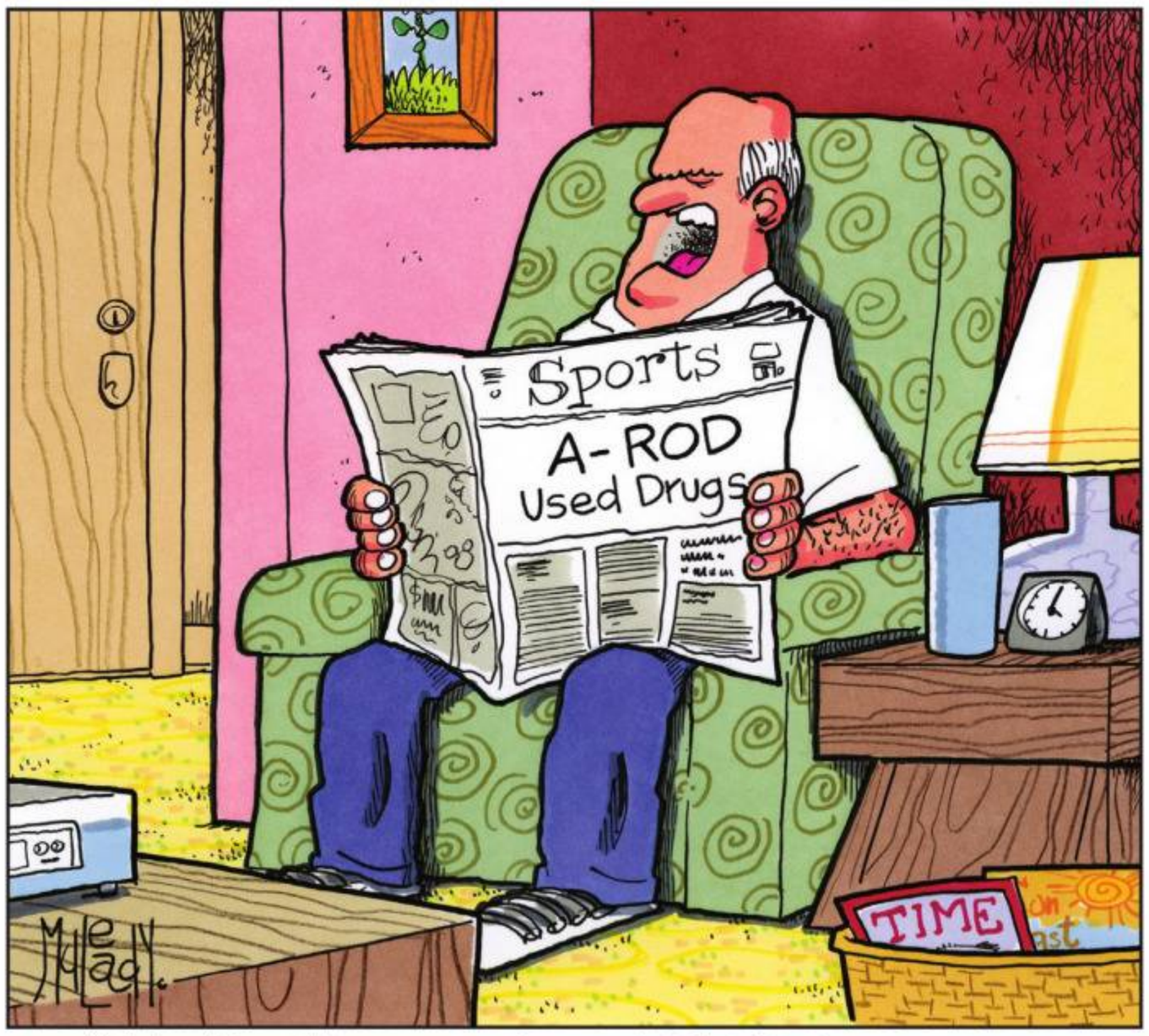
PHOTO BY ALEX BOWIE/GETTY IMAGES

A joint that sells booze and sluts needs customers to be profitable, and Menard's exclusive dancing-girls attraction brought in as many Westerners as the Grand Prix could hold: oil workers, spooks and expatriates. "All the other club owners got into it after that because it was so successful," Menard told me during a phone call to Las Vegas, where he now lives, happily retired. The Vietnam War had begat a market in those glory days. By 1980, Patpong had 50 bars. The flooded market begat innovation, and innovation begat the pussy show.

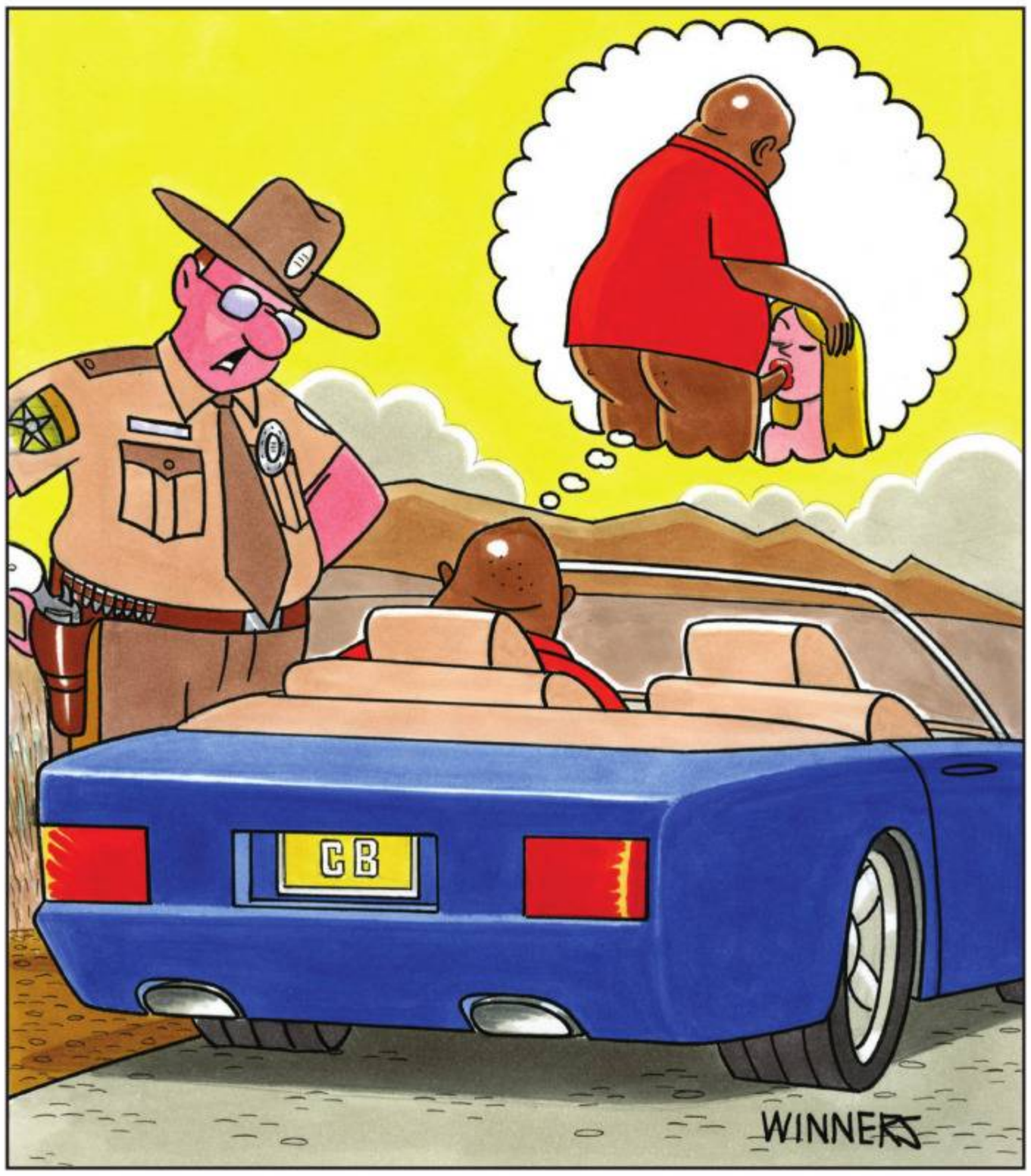
Officially, of course, prostitution is illegal in Thailand. Yet Patpong and its sex bars thrive. As with most other dirty business in the country, the cops are in on it. "Everybody gave police four or five thousand baht a month," Menard recalled. (About $800 to $1,000 in U.S. currency at the time.) "Every time a new colonel would come into the district, we'd give his henchmen an envelope."

So here I am with my four new Scottish pals in Pussy Galore or Pussy Collection or Pussy Universe—who can remember exactly where we are, and who cares? Onstage a nude Thai woman squats over a birthday cake as if she's going to take a shit on it. Instead she puts a hollow tube in her snatch and blows candles out with a burst of air from her birth canal. The stunt is possibly even less sexy than taking a dump would have been.

Another girl lies on her back and pops in the squeezing end of a bicycle horn, setting off loud squeaks as she pumps her pelvis up and down. I glance through the list of things you can watch a pussy do if you sit here drinking crappy $5 beer while turning down skinny hookers: blow a police whistle; open a bottle of Coke; drop Ping-



"Holy shit, this country is nosy! If A-Rod wants to use steroids, Michael Phelps wants to smoke pot, or Ann Coulter wants to beat herself with an ugly stick, I say let 'em!"



"You just blew through that stop sign, Mr. Barkley! What the hell were you thinking about?"

PING PONG PUSSY

Pong balls into a glass; shoot Ping-Pong balls at my face; write "Hello!" with a marker pen; pop a balloon I'm holding with a blow dart; eject a peeled banana, possibly also toward my face, with impressive force; pick up a cigarette with chopsticks; hold a lit sparkler.

The horn blower is now pulling a thread hung with sewing needles out of her box. Another girl takes the stage and approaches with a fistful of fake flowers, sticking one on the end of each needle. Oh, Langley! This may not be the most insidious after-effect of your meddling in Southeast Asia's business, but it is the weirdest.

"Those shows happen in Thailand," says scholar Dr. Thomas Steinfatt, an expert on the country's sex industry, "but they are not Thai." Inserting a Ping-Pong ball into a vagina is actually a venerable Japanese treatment for stress incontinence.

No one seems to know exactly who introduced the infamous pussy shows in Patpong, but Menard's best guess, which is probably the best guess going, is that it was an Australian named Lloyd. So it's not some obscure Oriental tradition of amazing vaginal muscle control; it's an upshot of modern free-market economics.

Udom Patpongpanit died in 1996, and his daughter Varita Vajrabhaya now oversees the family's business interests. Like her father always did, the lovely, conservative woman says it's none of her business what people do on her rental property. Even Patpong district's sidewalk space has a waiting list of prospective merchants.

Thailand has a storied tradition of making foreigners' dreams come fake-true. In the 1960s and '70s the United States could pretend that the war being waged in Thailand's neighboring countries was magnanimous. Now you can make-believe that you can afford to buy designer goods or that a gorgeous young woman will have sex with you, but not because her farming family back home in upcountry villages has been bankrupted by drought.

Patpong's pussy shows—with the lingering secret that they were conceived by foreigners to entertain foreigners—prop up the illusion that Thai girls are insatiable sex machines who are dying to do anything with their vaginas. It's really just a way to make a buck.

Later that night the Scots and I are drunk as skunks, weaving our way down the street. Suddenly, a well-toned barker in a tight T-shirt blocks our path, and we tell him what we want: nothing too bizarre and pointless, just girls who do tricks with their twats. "I think you're looking for Super Pussy," he says. As we push our way through the mob of other Westerners, one of the Scots nods heartily. Sure, aren't we all?

Nicole McClelland is the copy editor for *Mother Jones*, where she writes smart, usually non-vagina-related articles.

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE #32

BY MICHELLE MCCARTHY

SCREEN NAME:

Lily Lava

AGE: 19

STATUS: IN A RELATIONSHIP

NUMBER OF MYSPACE FRIENDS: 11,276

LOCATION: SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

URL: MYSPACE.COM/ASIANSAREBEAUTIFUL

Lily Lava says she likes her men handsome and wholesome, but judging from her past sexual romps, the lucky man better have a raunchy streak as well. "I have an innocent, shy side," the avid MySpacer purrs, "but in bed my alter ego comes out like a pussy-cat—meow! I love when I'm with someone, and we're both so hot and bothered that we grab each other's hair, bite and nibble all over our goodies, talk dirty and then have some really hot sex."

Although getting spanked is Lily's favorite indoor fetish, cavorting with strangers in public places also gets her juices flowing. During a memorable shopping excursion a "short guy with crazy hair" caught Lily's eye, then proceeded to whisper sweet nothings in her ear. "We ended up finding a hidden corner in the store," she confides. "He pushed me up against the wall, took my panties down and banged me hard. Adding to the excitement was knowing people could catch us at any moment."

So far the aspiring adult film starlet has appeared only in homemade skin flicks, but she's readying her own soft-core Web site. In the meantime, Lily has been logging an impressive amount of rehearsal hours.

A recent encounter has the Asian hottie more than ready for any future group sex scenes. "I went swimming with two friends, a guy and girl," she fondly recalls. "I was changing in a room, and the girl ran in naked behind me. She told me she wanted to do this for the longest time and pulled me to the bed, then started to eat my pussy and lick my nipples. Later, the guy walked through the door, and it made him so hot, he came in and fucked us good."

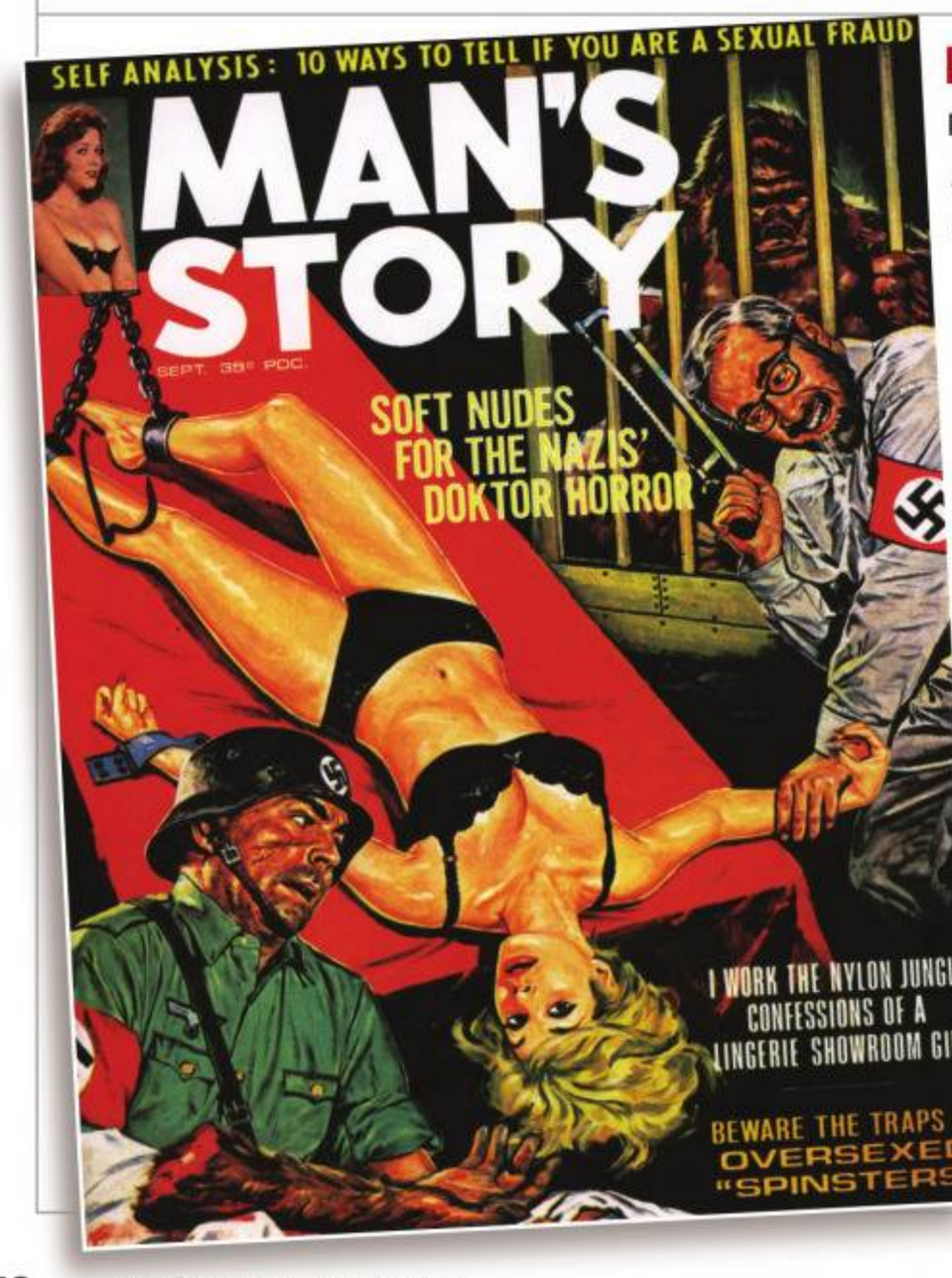
OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 years of age or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at **MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine** or by e-mailing ***Hustler@LFP.com***.

PHOTOS BY DAVEED BENITO

EXPOSED: SCHOOLS OF LOVE FOR RICH MEN'S SONS
WILDCAT
WOLF TORTURES OF THE NAZI KILLER QUEEN
THE BARON OF NEVADA AND HIS BRANDED BROADS
THE ROOM OF THE 1000 NUDES
KEEP THE HOMOSEXUAL OUT OF PRISON
MAN'S ESCAPE
"CHEWED ALIVE BY THE WINGED HORROR"
GUNS- THE NUMBER ONE SPORT
VIRGIN BRIDES FOR SATAN'S ORGIES
BOOK BONUS: AMERICAN WOMAN, YOU WRITHE, SCREAM AND DIE!
HOW TO COPE WITH A WOMAN'S MOST INTIMATE NEEDS
MAN'S STORY
A HONEYMOON IN HELL FOR SATAN'S BRIDES
SELF ANALYSIS: CAN YOU SURVIVE AMERICA'S SEX WAR?
GRISLY RITES OF HITLER'S MONSTER FLESH STRIPPER
PREP SCHOOL LUST- OUR NUMBER ONE MENACE!

SWEAT, SEX

THE BAWDY COVERS OF 1950s ADVENTURE MAGAZINES FEATURED TITS, TORTURE, DYNAMIC DANGER AND NASTY NAZIS.


SELF ANALYSIS: 10 WAYS TO TELL IF YOU ARE A SEXUAL FRAUD
MAN'S STORY
SOFT NUDES FOR THE NAZIS' DOKTOR HORROR
I WORK THE NYLON JUNGLE CONFESSIONS OF A LINGERIE SHOWROOM GIRL
BEWARE THE TRAPS OF OVERSEXED "SPINSTERS"

From the mid-1950s to the 1970s you could read dashing adventures in magazines often referred to as "the sweats." In their heyday, publications like *Rage*, *For Men Only*, *Man's Story*, *Man's Epic*, *Saga*, *Savage* and *Stag* were everywhere: newsstands, drugstores, barbershops and under Dad's bed.

At their peak, an incredible 130 monthlies rolled off the presses. You'd see swimsuit cheesecake, "how-to" articles on packing your own shotgun shells and eye-popping exposés like "The Slaughtering Fiend From Tokyo," "Corpses Are My Business" and "Those Nude Teen Beatnik Joy Girls."

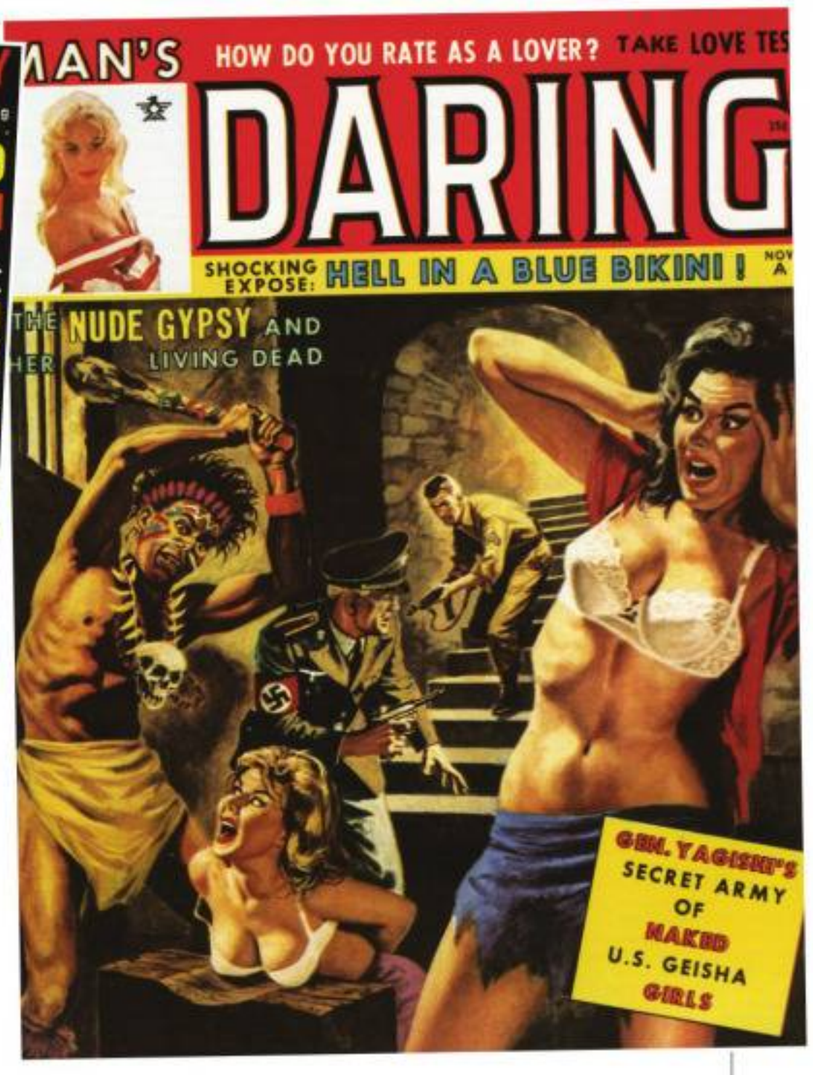
Descended from the pulps of the 1930s and '40s, these periodicals touted their he-man tales as authentic—indeed, the granddaddy of the sweats was called *True*—but the stories themselves were pure make-believe. Mickey Spillane, Mario Puzo, Jim Thompson and Elmore Leonard got their starts churning out these yarns for a nickel a word. Even humorist Bruce Jay Friedman and futurist Alvin Toffler began their careers writing for the sweats.

In the good old days, most magazine covers (including slicks like *Time* and *The Saturday Evening Post*) featured paintings rather than photos. Such "representative art" offered realistic portrayals of dynamic action as opposed to abstract, artsy-fartsy images. In the world of men's mags, Norm Saunders may have been the best and most prolific painter of the bunch, but he was closely followed by Mort Künstler, Norm Eastman, Harry Borgman and James Bama (whose legacy includes Aurora's memorable monster model kit box covers in the 1960s).

Some "armpit slicks" specialized in outdoor adventure, with cover paintings depict-

VIRGIN AUCTION IN OLD COLORADO
SIR!
AUG.
EXTRA BOOK BONUS
the GAY GIRLS who tripped HITLER'S Ace SPYMASTER
I SAW PARIS "WHEN"
THE AMAZING LOOT OF LIMA HOAX

Women by the thousands, ready to do anything . . . for a price
SEX—24 HOURS A DAY
MAN'S ADVENTURE
MARCH
I could only stand in horror, watching as my wife became a victim of . . .
THE PEOPLE WHO WORSHIP PAIN
Eyes flecked with hate . . . Fangs foaming with evil . . .
SNARLING TEETH OF SLAUGHTER
An introduction and guided tour of
THE HAPPIEST HAREM IN AMERICA


MAN'S
HOW DO YOU RATE AS A LOVER? TAKE LOVE TES
DARING
SHOCKING EXPOSE: HELL IN A BLUE BIKINI !
THE NUDE GYPSY AND LIVING DEAD
GEN. YAGISHI'S SECRET ARMY OF NAKED U.S. GEISHA GIRLS

AND SADISM

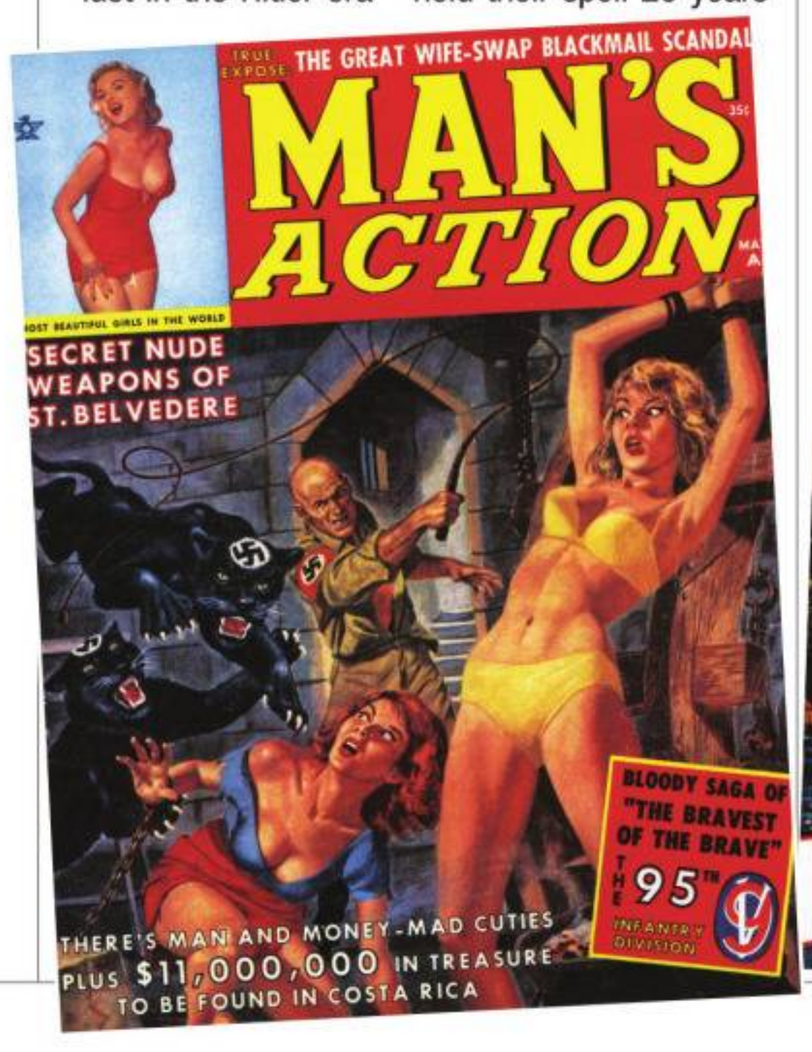
ing a shirtless man or nearly topless woman facing off against a frothing wolf, gigantic polar bear, hissing python or an enraged gorilla. Occasionally the editors lapsed into you-gotta-be-kiddin' territory with hordes of hungry iguanas, snapping turtles, lobsters or the memorable cover story (from the September 1956 issue of *Man's Life* magazine) that inspired the Frank Zappa song "Weasels Ripped My Flesh!"

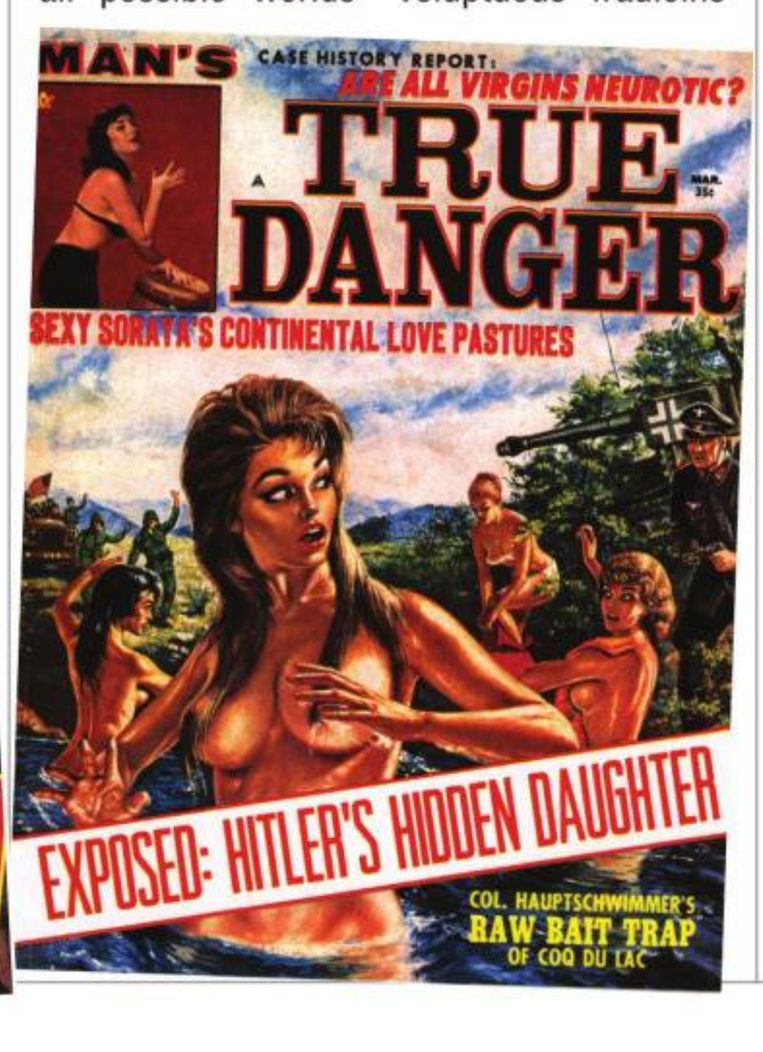
Countless covers gloried in Nazi thugs, sadists and torturers. Swastikas and leather uniforms—originally designed to inspire fetishistic lust in the Hitler era—held their spell 20 years after the fall of the Third Reich. Many readers had seen firsthand the horrors of war; others who wished they had gotten the chance to kick Kraut butt got to do it vicariously in these "true" tales. And there was a weird minority who got off on imagining themselves as the swinish SS torturer slavering over a tightly bound victim.

The ghoulish imagery was pure S&M fetish fantasy: women strapped to tables or prison walls, dripping hypodermics ready to plunge into flesh, Nazi doctors mating nubile captives with roaring gorillas, or the best of all possible worlds—voluptuous fräuleins donning tear-away SS uniforms, ready to brand, stab, whip, poke or otherwise mutilate our sweaty surrogate hero.

As memories of World War II slipped into the past, the sweats' Aryan fiends gave way to rabid Cuban sadists, Chinese man-devils, demonic Hell's Angels and murderous hippies. These new villains never had the sexy cache of leather-clad SS babes with wet lips and stinging whips. By the early '70s, sales dropped like a stone with the emergence of HUSTLER and *Penthouse*, which offered straight-up sex without the Nazis.

Pop culture publisher Taschen celebrated these gaudy pieces of pop art in *Men's Adventure: The History of Men's Adventure Magazines in Postwar America*. Coauthor Max Allen Collins—crime novelist and creator of *Road to Perdition*—comments that these images spoke to a generation that had fought "the last good war." According to Collins, "Men's adventure magazines spoke their language and reassured an entire generation that they were heroes."


TRUE EXPOSE
THE GREAT WIFE-SWAP BLACKMAIL SCANDAL
MAN'S ACTION
SECRET NUDE WEAPONS OF ST. BELVEDERE
BLOODY SAGA OF "THE BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE"
THE 95TH INFANTRY DIVISION
THERE'S MAN AND MONEY-MAD CUTIES
PLUS $11,000,000 IN TREASURE
TO BE FOUND IN COSTA RICA



Ted Newsom cowrote the original *Spider-Man* screenplay. The Oregon native is also an actor, video documentary director (*Flesh and Blood: The Hammer Heritage of Horror*; *Ed Wood: Look Back in Angora*) and writer/director of the 26-episode series *100 Years of Horror*.

Bubba the Love Sponge

"Here's the Deal..."

Meet the radio rebel whose shocking show has made him a hero to the working man—and an archenemy of the Federal Communications Commission.

Howard Stern calls him one of radio's greats. Why else would the shock jock have recruited a hillbilly from Florida to fill a daily slot on his Howard 101 channel on Sirius XM? Bubba, who triggered the largest fine ever for "indecent" broadcasts, pushes the boundaries of bad taste with shocking and hilarious results. His on-air stunts include Alligator Dunk Tank (using live gators), When Shit Hits the Fan (a game played with real excrement) and Shock the Balls (hooking up electrodes to guys' privates). Welcome to Bubba's world.

HUSTLER: It seems you're no longer a thorn in Howard Stern's side.

BUBBA THE LOVE SPONGE: I'm going to be honest with you. Back then I talked shit about Howard. I did. But you can't beat the guy at what he does. He is one of the best people ever to put on a pair of headphones. Any radio personality that has talked shit about Howard, if they're really a man, they'll admit they did it because they were intimidated or jealous or both.

How did you wind up being added to Stern's satellite radio lineup?

Howard and I kind of had something in common. Clear Channel Communications made examples out of us when they kowtowed to the FCC during the "Nipplegate" deal with Janet Jackson. The deal that Clear Channel made with the FCC broke our contracts, putting us out to pasture.

We instantaneously went from being archnemeses to having some common ground. That was when Sirius made the play for Howard. It was amazing that as different as we are, we found we had so much in common. The first time we met, we sat there like two radio nerds rehashing stories.

Why did you stick with Sirius XM after your original contract expired?

When we first signed with Sirius, a lot of people didn't know who my crew and I were. We're not a big name based out of L.A. or New York. We've got a great little show based out

Porn pal Stormy Daniels showing Bubba Love.

PHOTO COURTESY SCOTT HARISON PHOTOS

of Tampa. A lot of people at Sirius weren't up to speed with what we did. We didn't have a lot of negotiating power when we signed. When my deal was up after two years, I started to gain some local following, and terrestrial radio came calling. They were willing to give me a second chance with some huge dollars. More money than Sirius. But I didn't want to relinquish my Sirius presence and that cult following.

Sirius let me do both. For all of 2008 we did a morning show heard in Tampa and Jacksonville. Our afternoon drive show was heard on satellite. Fast-forward a year, and we are one of the hottest things on regular radio. That put Sirius in a bit of a predicament because we only had a one-year deal.

I thought about leaving satellite. I couldn't do two shows anymore. I would leave my house at four in the morning and wouldn't get back until eight o'clock at night five days a week. After a year of doing that, it damn near fucking killed me. I was ready to walk away from satellite. But we cut a deal where we can have the best of both worlds. My guys can have their lives and family back, and satellite listeners get some remnants of the *Bubba* show.

Are you frustrated with the restrictions imposed on your Monday-through-Thursday terrestrial shows, which Sirius XM rebroadcasts?

I just have to think a little harder. I've got to be a little sharper. I'm not in the business of saying *fuck* and *cunt*. Shit like that is fun. I get to do that on Friday.

Do you go totally nuts during your uncensored Friday satellite-only show?

Right now we're going a little overboard. There are instances where we do go crazy because it's like being shot out of a cannon after being gagged Monday through Thursday. The rest of the week we're in the same boat as every other broadcaster on regular radio. We only have our government officials to blame for that.

Where does the unique lingo heard on the show come from?

Every group, whether it's *Saturday Night Live* or the porn industry or your favorite radio show, has inside terms that only people "in the know" know. If you are some blue-haired 71-year-old bitch living in Grand Rapids, Michigan, you probably don't know what a fucking pop-shot is. If you're a connoisseur of porn, like I am, you do. I think that gives you a sense of how successful the show is because we have our own cultlike following with our own cultlike language.

How would you define *McGillicutty*?

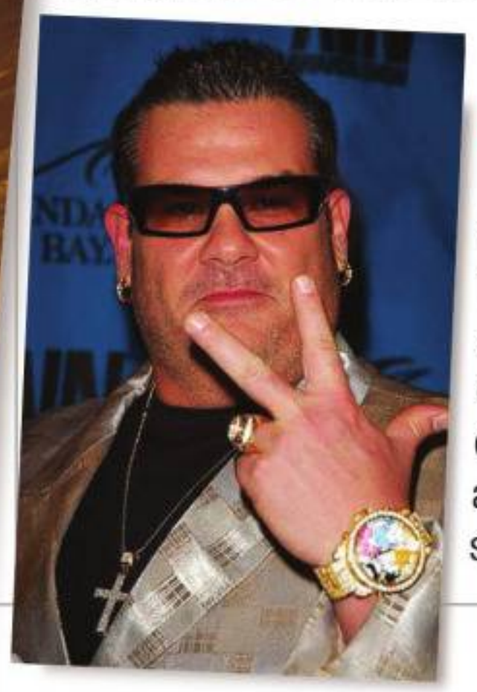
It can be anything. "Hand me that McGillicutty right there." Or "Look at that set of McGillicuttys."

***Double blue jay*?**

That historically comes from Hulk Hogan. It's when something is so super-undercover and secret that we don't want anybody to know about it. Or it's when somebody is coming, and we say "Blue jay" or "Double blue jay" because you can't say "Shhh" or "Watch out."

***Full trucker effect*?**

That one's for the millions and millions of working men out there who have the most thankless jobs.



***Two-finger cul-de-sac*?**

It's a term I got from Dr. Natasha Terry. She used to come in and peddle her sex tapes on my show. It was a technique she showed us on how

to make a girl squirt when you're fingering her.

Is that how you got your wife, Heather?

I will tell you that she's a big fan of it. She had never squirted prior to my putting the two-fingered cul-de-sac technique on her.

Seriously, Bubba, how *did* you get such a superhot wife?

It just goes to show you that money does matter. (*Laughs.*) And I guess I have a good personality, now don't I?

A lot of nude models and porn girls come from Florida. What's in the water down there?

It's the combination: hillbilly mixed with good climate and a little bit of Southern belle classiness. That makes for some really hot women that like to fuck.

Tell us about your relationship with porn star Stormy Daniels.

I've known Stormy a long time. I like her a lot. She's into the business for business. She's so conservative in real life that I find it hard to watch Stormy fucking in a film, because I don't know her in that capacity. She's such a little whore when she's at work. I've been trying to get her and my wife to hook up for a long time. Stormy doesn't want anything to do with me. She'd much rather be with my wife. I'd be in the corner taking care of myself.

Is Hulk Hogan really your best friend?

In 1998 his wife was starting a restaurant, and Hogan—who's a smart marketer—went to the hottest radio show in Tampa to talk about it. For me you can't go wrong having Hulk Hogan on a male-skewing rock station. We had him on the show. We talked and hit it off. He invited me to dinner that night with *(continued on page 95)*

PHOTOS COURTESY BUBBA THE LOVE SPONGE SHOW

Sung to the tune of "In Da Club" by 50 Cent

Go, go, go, **Tory**. It's your birthday.
Get naked and party like it's your birthday.
Show off your body like it's your birthday.
And you know you like to fuck on your birthday!

You can find her in the club,
giant set of boobs.
Sexy momma likes to drink
and is into taking drugs.
She's into having sex,
not ain't into making love.
So check out this slut
as she's sucking off this schlub.

You can find her in the club,
giant set of boobs.
Sexy momma likes to drink
and is into taking drugs.
She's into having sex,
not ain't into making love.
So check out this slut
as she's sucking off this schlub.

When she pulled out those things,
you stand up straight.
Makes even most 10s look like an 8.
The sex is deep, and the girl is great.
The girl likes to fuck all day,
as long as you don't press your luck.
When you have a body like sin,
the ho she wants to fuck.
We'd be willing to step in for this dude,
if he can't get it up.

See that girl as she's mouthing that pole.
Tory knows how to do it,
swallow it whole.
She's willing to let you go in
and out every hole.
One look at that body
will make you lose control.
Send shivers up your spine
and down to your soul.

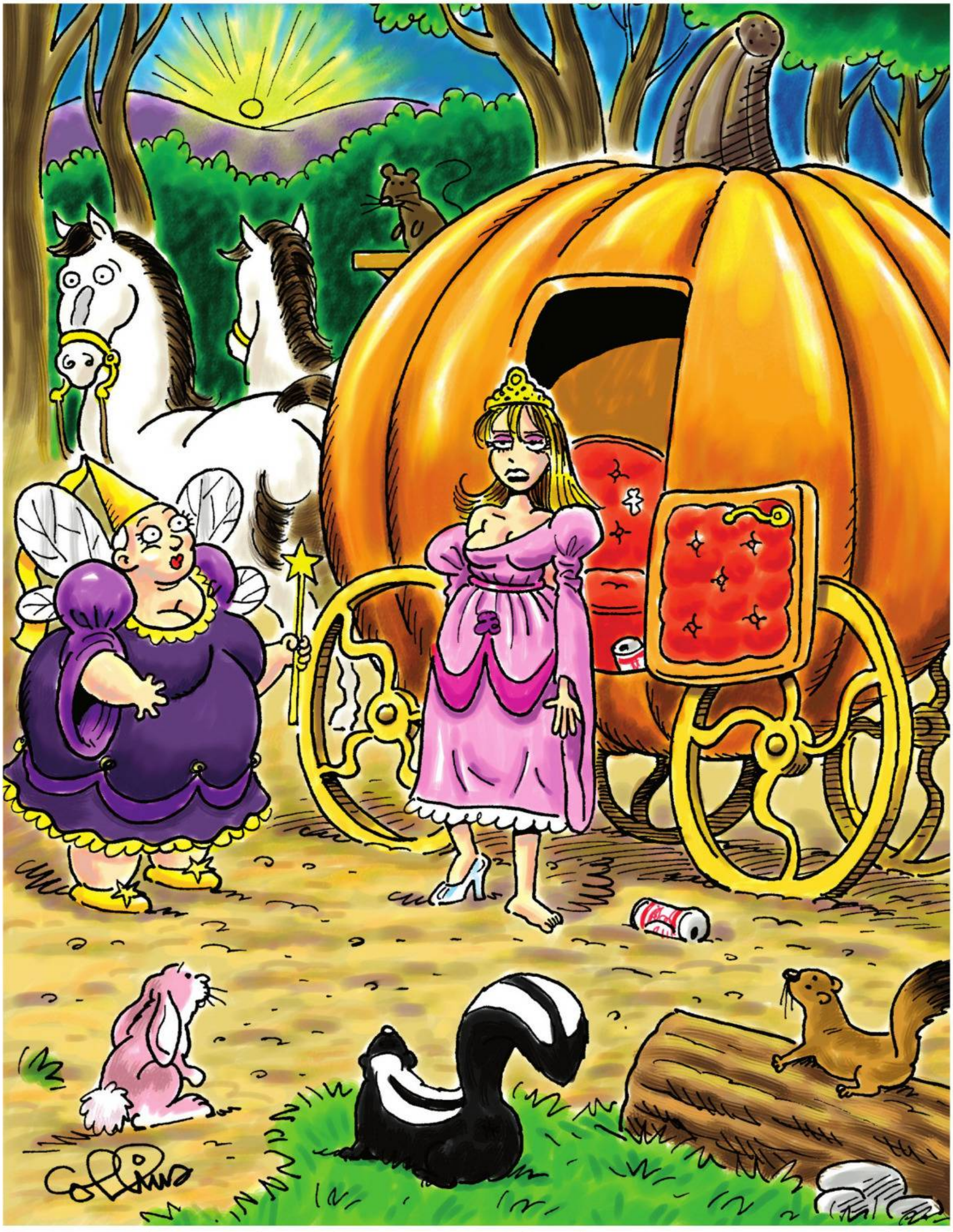
You can find her in the club,
giant set of boobs.
Sexy momma likes to drink
and is into taking drugs.
She's into having sex,
not ain't into making love.
So check out this slut
as she's sucking off this schlub.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HOLLY RANDALL PRODUCTIONS

Sex in Da Club

TORY LANE & CHRIS JOHNSON

HUSTLER
Tory Lane gets nasty in *Anally Yours…Love, Tory Lane*, *HUSTLER Hardcore Vault #8* and *Young Girls' Fantasies #8* from HUSTLER Video.
Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.



"I'm tired, I have pumpkin seeds in my ass, and that glass condom you gave me broke, so I hope you're good at morning-after birth control."

Tails of the Bunny Ranch

Virgin for Sale

How much would you pay to deflower a sexy woman?

Natalie Dylan, 22, will be making her first screw more than memorable. Teaming up with BunnyRanch proprietor Dennis Hof, the college grad launched an online auction to find a guy willing to spend a load of cash to take her virginity. As the bids soared to $3.7 million, Natalie spent some time filling us in on her venture.

HUSTLER: Are you really a virgin?

NATALIE DYLAN: Yes.

Why have you waited so long to go all the way?

I was in a relationship, and the guy and I thought we'd stay together forever, so why rush it? We were definitely sexually active, but we abstained from intercourse.

What led you to conduct an auction?

While doing research for my thesis, I came across an article about a Peruvian woman who wanted to put her virginity up for sale. I thought about it for a bit, then contacted Dennis Hof. We went on *The Howard Stern Show* to announce the auction, and that's how it began.

What are you going to do with the money?

I know it makes a better headline to say "Student Does This Because She Needs to Pay for College" rather than "Young Woman Sees This as a Business-Savvy Plan." I have a job, and I make really good money. But with today's economy, who wouldn't want this type of money in the bank?

What do your parents think about your brainstorm?

They were taken aback. But when I mentioned all the research I'm conducting for a possible master's degree, my mom saw merit in it.

Why do you think the bidding has gone so high?

It's not because of me or because I'm a virgin. I think the media is creating so much hype that a lot of men want to be part of it.

Why has the auction lasted longer than planned?

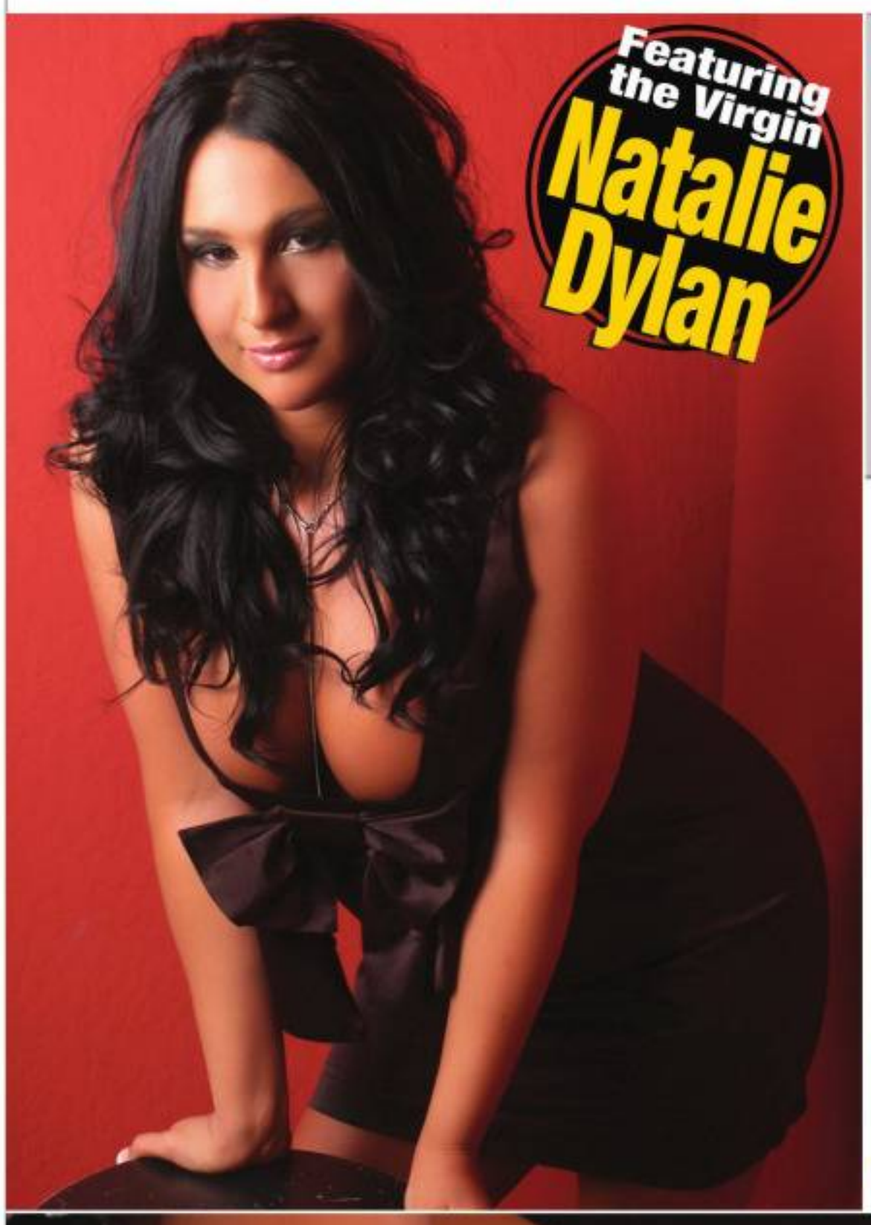
This British paper posted a story full of lies. There was a huge second media wave. My in box gets flooded every day.

Does it matter what the winner looks like?

I'm not trying to meet a potential husband. I know it's not the most feminine thing to say, but this is a business transaction.

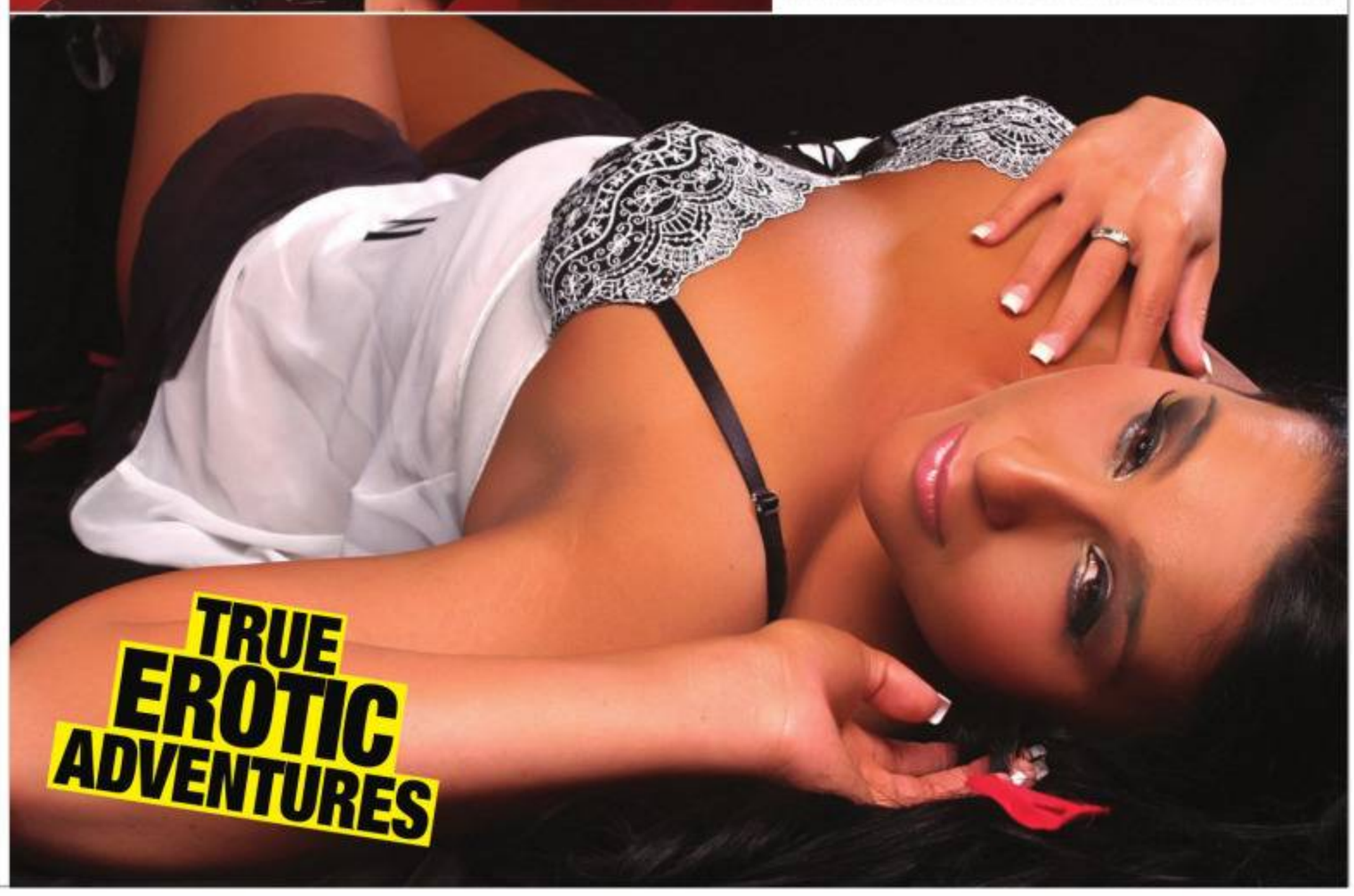
What's next?

A book proposal is being shopped. Some studios are talking about making a feature film about my story.

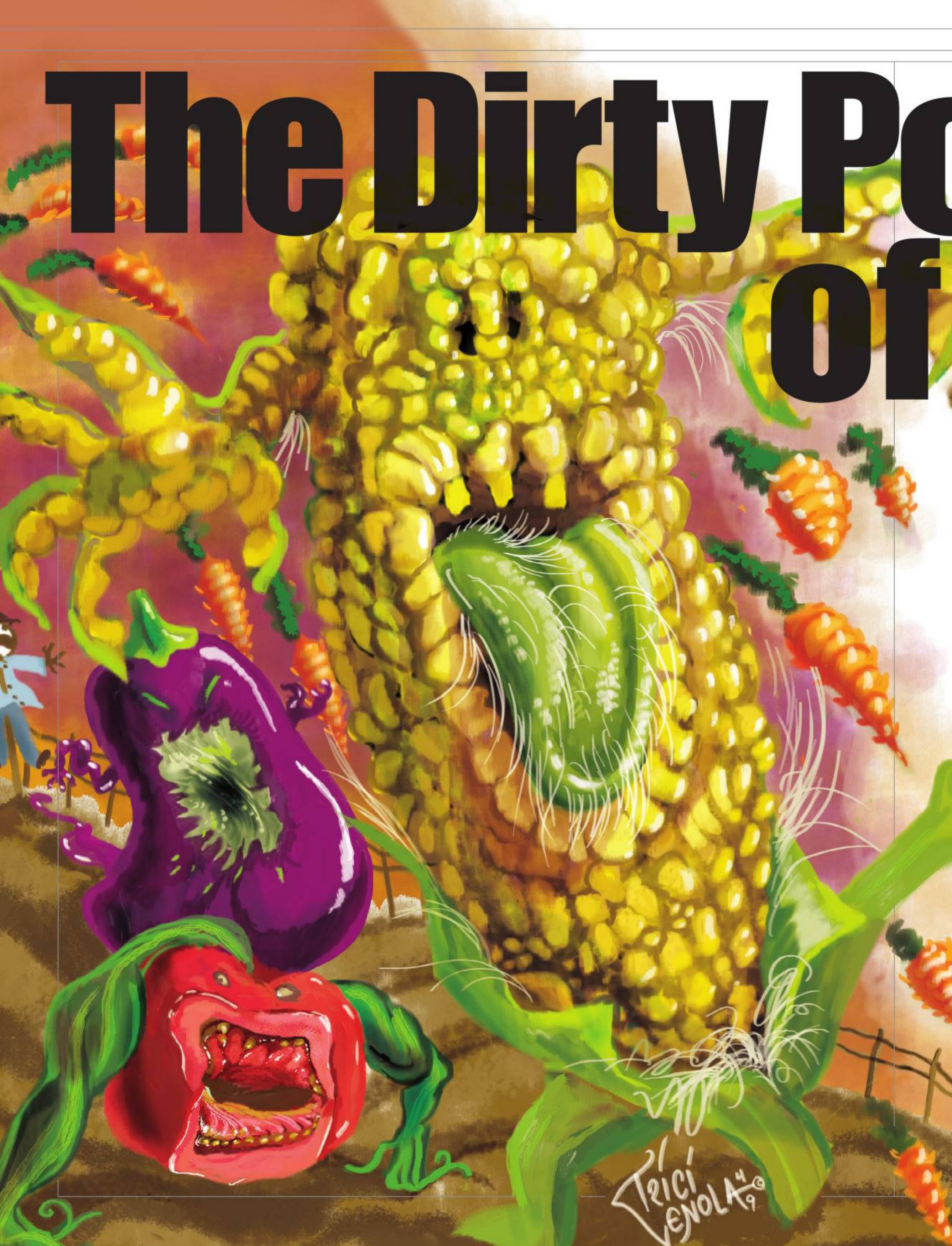


Since 1955 the Moonlite BunnyRanch has been servicing horndogs 24/7, 365 days a year. Under flamboyant owner Dennis Hof, the Carson City, Nevada, legal bordello has become internationally famous for its willing women and wild times.

To meet the girls yourself, visit **BunnyRanch.com** or call (toll-free) 888-BUNNYRANCH.



The Dirty Po
ot



Politics of Food

PART 2

ILLUSTRATION BY TRICI VENOLA

Genetically engineered foods, toxic additives, self-serving research and the monopolization of suppliers all spell disaster as consumers become test subjects in a vast (and incredibly profitable) mad-science project.

Blinding Us With Science: When President Ronald Reagan allowed genes to be patented, and thus profitable, he opened a Pandora's test tube. Our food is now part of a mad-science experiment, and we're the guinea pigs. The biotech company Senomyx genetically engineers compounds that stimulate different areas of the brain to create the illusion of taste. This sci-fi additive, labeled simply "artificial flavor," is already in Nestlé products and will soon be used by Campbell's Soup and Coca-Cola.

Other wonders of modern science include genetically modified corn that makes its own pesticide, and plant life that produces plastics, chemicals or pharmaceuticals. Corporations are also experimenting with genetically altered fish, poultry and fruit trees, creating Frankenfood that could easily contaminate or wipe out natural plants if they invade the environment.

According to a report by investigative writer Philip Mattera, the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) is turning consumers into a vast pool of unwitting test subjects for the biotech industry's questionable agenda of transforming agriculture. Indeed, Japan has made the wise decision to watch American children for the next ten years before deciding whether to produce or eat the yields of our science projects.

Sci-fi food isn't new, of course. Already 6,000 synthetic chemicals are currently condoned for use in processed foods. Many are carcinogenic or otherwise poisonous. According to a recent *New York Times* article, the way America's food is produced clearly contributes to diabetes, stroke, heart disease and obesity.

"We are basically eating oil," says food guru Michael Pollan. Corn oil and soy oil are the building blocks of cheap, unhealthy foods that contain lethal trans fats. Fertilizers and pesticides are produced from fossil fuels, and oil derivatives are used in processing, he says. This is not only bad for our bodies but for food production as well. "It takes ten calories of fossil fuel energy to make one calorie of food," Pollan stated on *Bill Moyers Journal* in November 2008. When the fuel runs out, so will the food.

Eating a diet of oil isn't our only problem. About 60% of all processed food is genetically modified, with no labeling required. Since these new life-forms are untested, no one knows the exact risks, but early evidence isn't good. The genetically modified corn StarLink made its way into taco shells, and thousands who ate them experienced rashes, breathing difficulty and other allergic reactions. Caterpillars fed modified corn die off, and immune systems become depressed in rats fed genetically altered potatoes.

Poisons in Your Pantry: Virtually all American foods are suspect. South Korea recently returned shipments of U.S. beef because they contained bone fragments. Further tests showed the meat also had dangerous levels of dioxin. One of the most toxic chemicals in existence, dioxin can cause cancer, impaired development and damaged reproductive, neurologic and immune systems.

Almost as alarming as unintentional dioxon contamination is the purposeful dosing of food. Cows, chickens and pigs are pumped with antibiotics to increase their size and inflate corporate profits. Forty percent of all drugs in the U.S. are bought not to treat sick people but to fatten livestock. This use of antibiotics promotes superbugs that are more likely to be antibiotic-resistant. The government also allows processors to use poisonous carbon monoxide gas during packaging to prevent discoloration and conceal spoilage. Meat may also be irradiated to kill microorganisms and increase shelf life, but the long-term effects of this new process are unknown.

Got a sweet tooth? According to a recent Princeton study, sugar delivers rat brains a dopamine surge similar to that of heroin and cocaine. On the other hand, diet products may be sweetened with aspartame, a dangerous artificial additive (also called NutraSweet) found in cereals, jams, fruit juices, tea beverages, breath mints, children's vitamins and medicines, candy, cake mixes and frostings. [*For more on aspartame, see Part 1 of this series in our July '09 issue.*]

The most widely used sweetener is high-fructose corn syrup, which was developed in the 1970s and is generally regarded as safe (GRAS) by the Food and Drug Administration—meaning it doesn't have to pass safety testing.

High-fructose corn syrup is used in jams, condiments, fruit juices and soft drinks and is a favorite ingredient in "health food" store products. Fructose has been shown to delay testicular development and produce anemia, high cholesterol and enlarged hearts in rats. Female rats given the substance are unable to produce live offspring. "Every cell in the body can metabolize glucose," says Dr. Meira Field, who studied the high-tech ingredient for the USDA. "However, fructose must be metabolized in the liver. The livers of the [laboratory] rats on the high-fructose diet looked like the livers of alcoholics—fatty and cirrhotic."

Milk, cheeses, ice cream and butter are no healthier: Many are produced with milk from cows injected with an artificial growth hormone, increasing the risk of cancer. The genetically engineered hormone, approved by the FDA in 1993, was one of the first to be used in food production. (Milk labeled "organic" is not allowed to contain artificial growth hormones, but cheese, ice cream and other dairy products do not require disclosure.)

Nonorganic milk also contains antibiotics. In one *Consumer Reports* study, 38% of the milk tested contained illegal antibiotics.

Breads and cakes can be a risky proposition *(continued on page 90)*

COUGARS UNLEASHED #7:

Christine Amrany

THIS MONTH: Christine Amrany / AGE: 39 / LOCATION: Los Angeles
SEE HER AT: CocktailWax.com

The column dedicated to the proposition that women do not achieve their full sexual power and beauty until they are well into their 30s and beyond.

Here's a woman who exudes sex and success. Christine Amrany owns and operates Cocktail Wax, an L.A. beauty salon that specializes in the "delicate art" of body waxing. Every day the French emigré oversees a bevy of attractive female estheticians as they pamper patrons' skin with fragrant waxes and oils. (Chocolate is a key ingredient!) Despite her diminutive stature, the 5-foot-4 proprietor runs the "cosmopolitan spa" with a dainty, iron fist.

But no ladylike business suits for Christine. The cat-eyed damsel, who sports a golden tan even in winter, is most comfortable in the briefest of short shorts, tight T-shirts and heels. Her fresh-faced European features and open-mindedness complete a look that turns heads in a city where beauty is commonplace.

"Europeans definitely are more in tune with their sexuality," Christine purrs with a sexy French accent. "In my home we lounge around naked. It's a normal, natural state for us to be in."

While still calling Paris home, Christine—then in her early 20s—opened her first business, a thriving boutique. But five years ago she and her then-husband decided to relocate to America, and soon thereafter Cocktail Wax opened its doors. "I love the concept of my business," Christine says. "I love making women feel more beautiful, more sensual. It's a personal and professional goal—bringing beauty to sex and unveiling the exquisiteness of the female genitalia."

When it comes to dating, Christine admits she has a soft spot for older men, but self-confidence and security supersede everything else. "I can't stand jealousy," she explains. "Or someone who needs a baby-sitter. I devote most of my time to business, and anyone involved with me has to support that."

As you can see for yourself, self-confidence and unbridled sexuality radiate from every inch of the immodest entrepreneur.

BY ERICKA RACHELLE MENDOZA

FEATURING THE WORLD'S HOTTEST OLDER WOMEN!

If you are interested in being featured in our *Cougars Unleashed* column, please submit photos and a short bio via e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com.

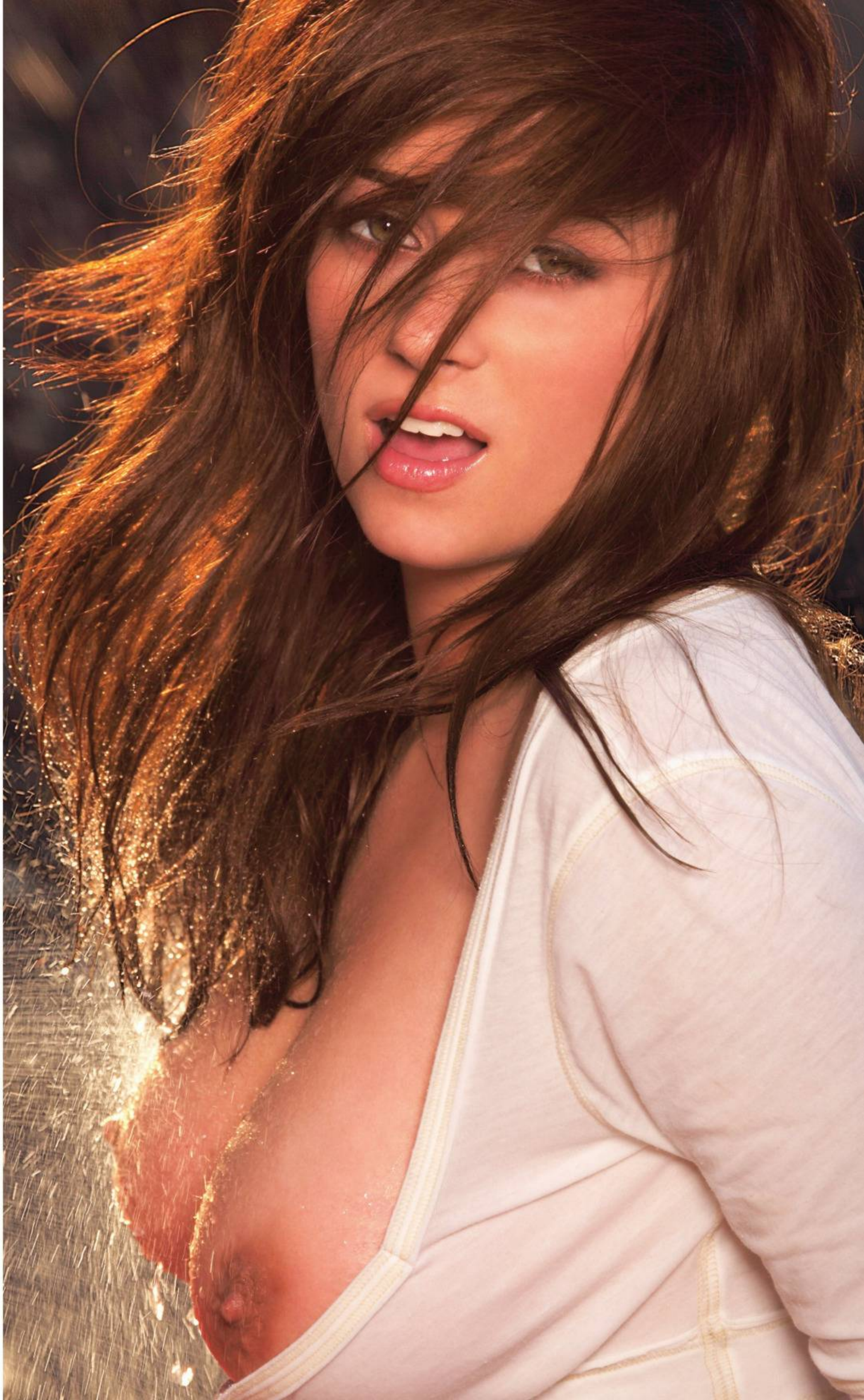
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

Sexy Eyes

TAYLOR VIXEN

Fresh from her very first nude photoshoot, **Taylor Vixen** declares, "I always wanted to be in HUSTLER. It is so cool that my dream is coming true! I wanted to do this since the first time I had sex."

At our request, **Taylor** takes us back to the momentous occasion. "It was actually quite sweet," she recalls in a syrupy drawl. "The guy was my high school boyfriend, and we were both inexperienced and nervous. It was by a lake after our senior prom and lasted only 45 seconds. He tried to hold out but couldn't. The minute he started pumping in my pussy, it was over for him. As we practiced more and more, things got better that summer. I really got wild when I went away to college and started sleeping with other students."



How wild? “Let’s just say I drank back then,” **Taylor** fesses up, “and a girl who drinks is more likely to do anything. Guys, girls and maybe a threesome. Maybe even three of them. It was a wild time.”

Taylor still loves sex, but she also has other kicks: "I work out every single day. I run, lift weights and do aerobics to keep in shape. I have to burn off calories because I'm a Texan at heart. My main weakness is barbecue. I love to sit down and eat a slab of ribs with all the extras. If I didn't exercise, I'd be as big as a barn."

Are fuck flicks in saucy **Taylor Vixen**'s future? "I don't know," she coos. "Like I said, get a few drinks in me, and you can never tell."

Taylor Vixen's bikini on this month's cover was provided by HustlerHollywood.com.

TAYLOR VIXEN'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: McKinney, Texas | AGE: 26 | BIRTH SIGN: Scorpio | HEIGHT: 5-2 | WEIGHT: 118

HUSTLER HONEY

AUGUST 2009

CALL 1-800-555-PINK

(1-800-555-7465)

CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER. COST $3.99/MINUTE.

Can You Break Me In?

xoxo,

Taylor Vixen

Some old cunt in Florida called the police to complain about a Democrat who was jacking off on her front porch. "How do you know the guy's a Democrat?" the puzzled cop asked.

"Well," huffed the disgusted dame, "if he was a Republican, he'd be *screwing* somebody else!"

During her Introductory Sex Education class the teacher drew a male appendage on the blackboard. "Do any of you know what this is?" she asked the sixth-graders.

Jeremy quickly raised his hand and cried, "I know! It's a penis! My daddy has two of them!"

"Two of them?!" the teacher bellowed.

"Yeah," Jeremy continued. "Daddy has a little one he uses to pee with and a big one he uses to brush Mommy's teeth!"

Question: What does it mean when a post office is flying the American flag at half-mast?

Answer: It's hiring.

After being in a coma for six months, Leroy woke up and saw his wife sitting by his hospital bed. With tears in his eyes he said, "Baby, you've been with me through all the bad times. When I got fired, you supported me. When my fireworks business failed, you helped me. When we lost the house, you stuck around. When my health started failing, you were still by my side. You know what?"

"What, dear?" Leroy's frumpy old lady inquired as her heart filled with warmth.

"I think you're bad luck!" Leroy exclaimed. "Get the fuck outta here!"

Fannie wandered into the kitchen, where hubby Bo was whacking some flies with a fly-swatter. "Having any luck?" she chirped.

"Oh, yeah, I got me two males and four females," the redneck replied proudly.

Perplexed, Fannie asked, "How the hell can you tell 'em apart?"

"Stupid bitch!" Bo shot back. "Two were on my beer can and four were on the phone!"

Two tykes poked a hole in the fence at a nudist colony. Spying first, the taller one yelped, "This is the most incredible thing I've ever seen!"

Getting impatient, the other kid asked, "Are they ladies or men?"

"I can't tell," the young Peeping Tom replied. "They don't have any clothes on!"

Honoring the octuplets' mom, Denny's is offering the Octo Slam breakfast: eight eggs, no sausage, and an anonymous donor will pick up the tab.

After being plucked from the ocean and arrested for fucking a dolphin, Dan was reunited with his wife at a police station. "How could you do this to me?!" the enraged woman screamed. "Caught having sex with a dolphin?! That's it, you perv. I'm leaving you!"

Watching her storm out, Dan snorted, "There's plenty more fish in the sea, dear!"

Question: Why are black guys' eyes so red after sex?

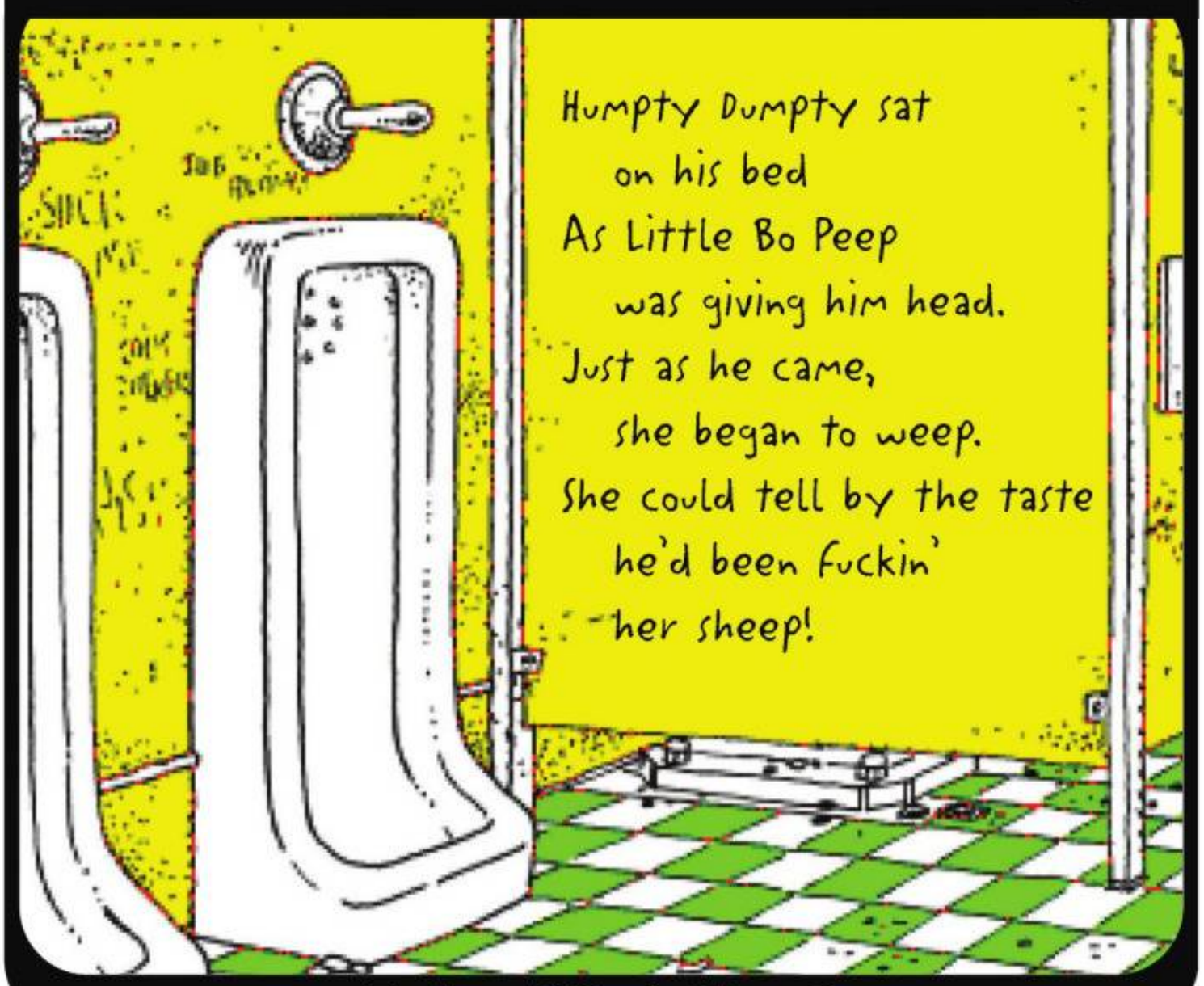
Answer: Pepper spray!

Perusing the menu at a new diner, Jerry noticed that only three items were listed: hamburger, $4; cheeseburger, $5; handjob, $20. He got the attention of the sexy waitress and asked, "Are you the person giving the handjobs in this joint?"

"I sure am, sugar," the twentysomething cooed, all sweet and loving.

"Then go wash your hands, baby!" Jerry ordered. "I'll have a cheeseburger."

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Rebecca S.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to *HUSTLER@LFP.com*. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

(continued from page 40) another rant from Jayme about porn and its discontents. Arriving at school, she finds a parking space in the near-full lot, then races to class.

An hour-and-a-half later, Jayme and her classmates pile out of the building. One student yells, "She's a cheater!" Jayme laughs it off, walking toward the photographer and me. "I got an A-minus!" she exclaims. Not bad, considering she didn't study a lick. With that out of the way, she wants out of here ASAP.

We make our way to what she considers her temporary home, at least until she finds a new place. En route she gets another call on the cell. A new-girl porn video is being shot at the house. Jayme rolls her eyes. She worries about strangers. A string of thefts necessitated her purchase of a large safe for her personal shit.

Luckily, Jayme has gal pals in the industry to watch out for her too. She singles out Sabrina Rose, Heather Carolin and Jana Jordan. Her sapphic talents led to AVN Award nominations for her girl/girl scene with Nicole Aston in *Hot Showers #16*, as well as Best New Starlet.

Yet she's criticized for refusing to work outside her girl/girl niche. Turning such questions back on her critics, she bellows, "Okay, well, I want YOU to do double-anal on camera. Why don't YOU do it?" She laughs, admitting, "I'm doing as little as possible to get by, I guess."

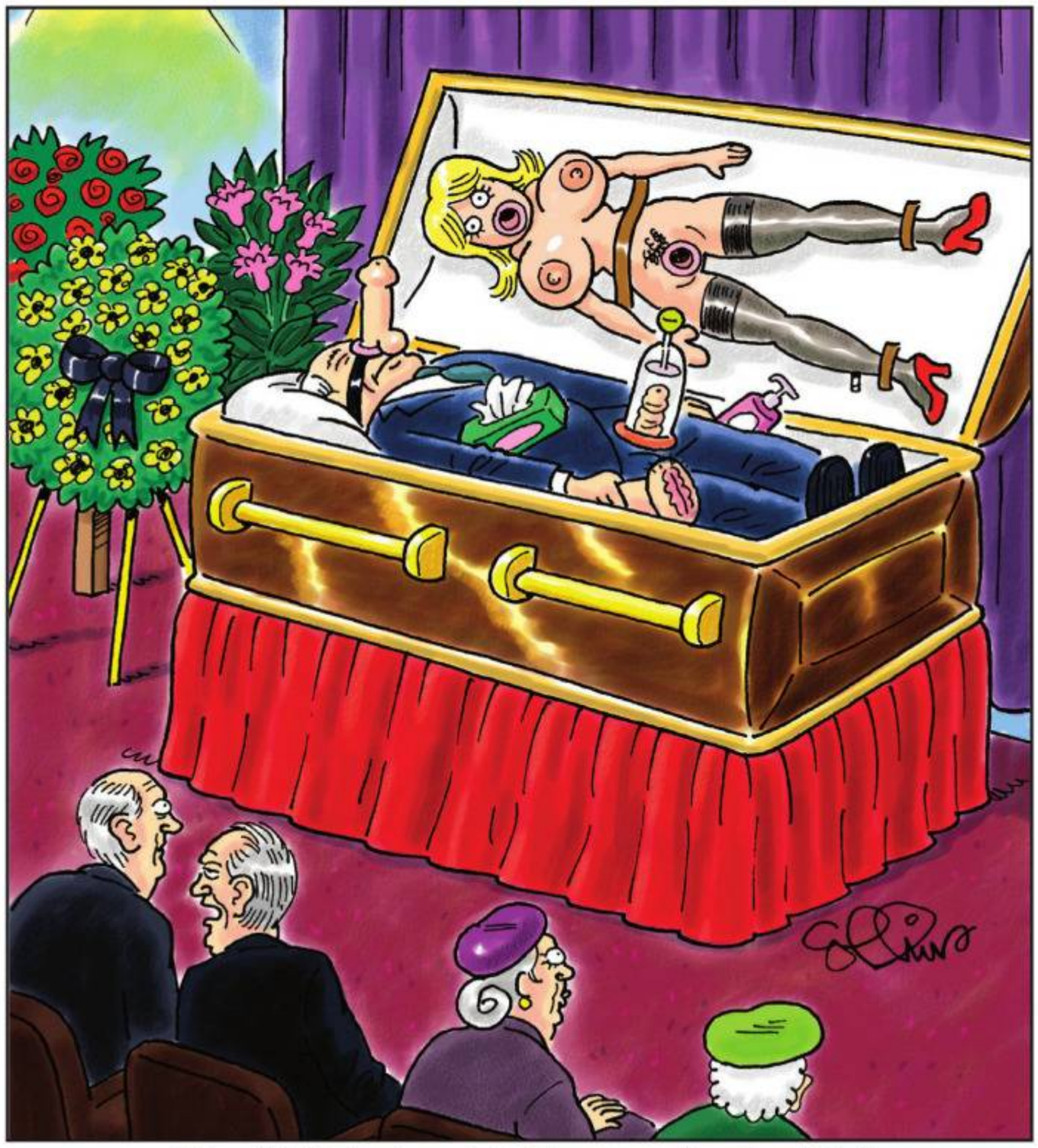
We pull into the driveway and enter the house quietly. The video shoot is just finishing up. Once that's out of the way, Jayme checks her Web site, then shows us some guitars. She's formed a girl group, Pajamaband, with roomie Dee and girlfriend Alexandra Ivy. The band, which has jammed several times, plans to record its first album by the end of the year. "It will just be rock," Jayme says. "If we're gonna put in all the effort, we wanna do something that sells."

This makes three things Jayme Langford wants to be: rock star, cosmetic surgeon and porn starlet. With so much going on, it's amazing she finishes anything. Such is the curse of being young, beautiful and sex-positive in Porn Valley. "If I were fat, ugly and really religious," she reasons, "I could just stay home all the time and study."

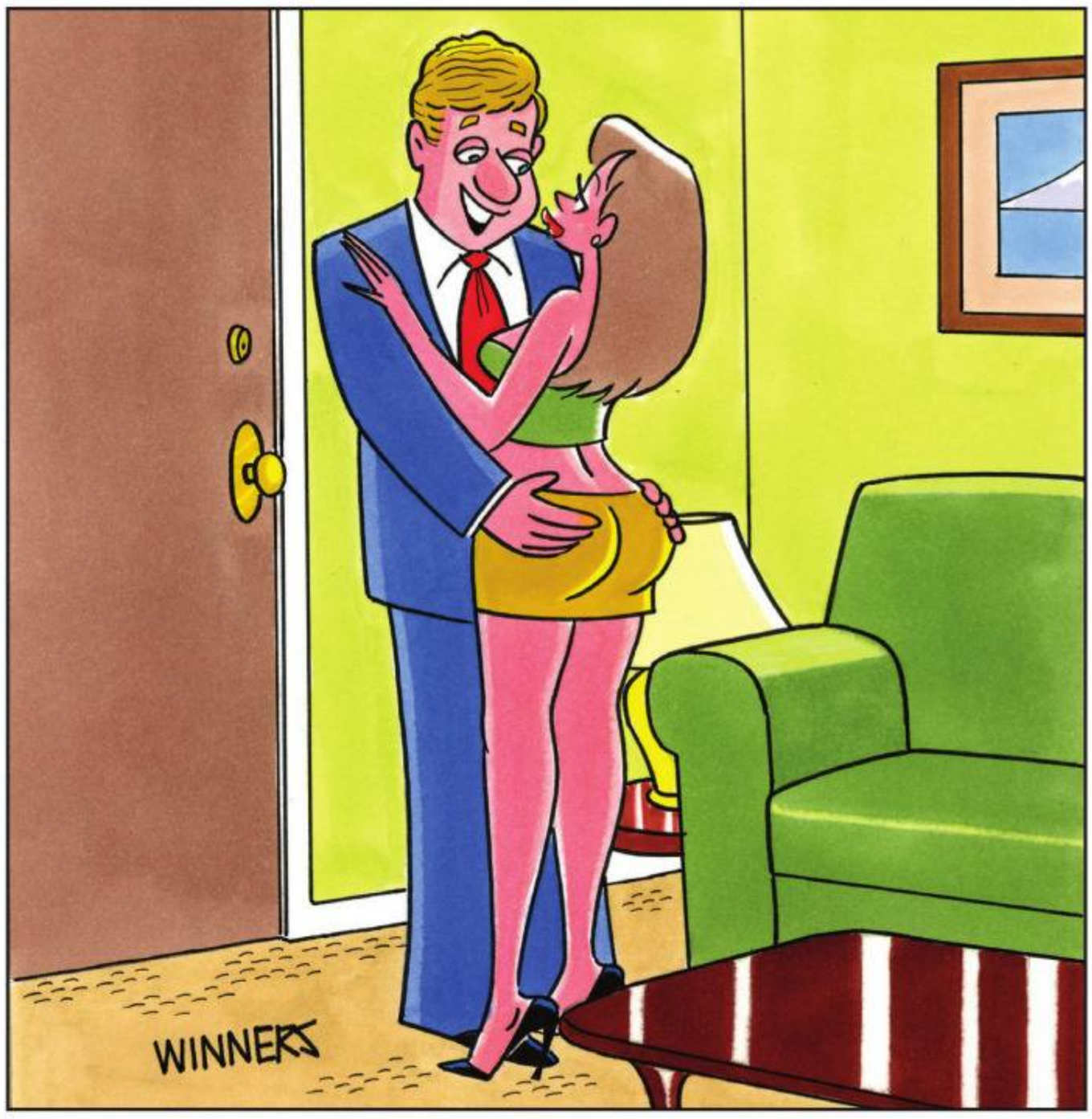
The day's done. Jayme needs to run somewhere else on personal business. She won't say more, except that it has nothing to do with rhinoplasties or face-lifts. One of her roomies inquires whether she plans to augment some willing tits while she's out.

Jayme only smiles. With her crystal in tow, she's out the door, taking with her all the luck in the world.

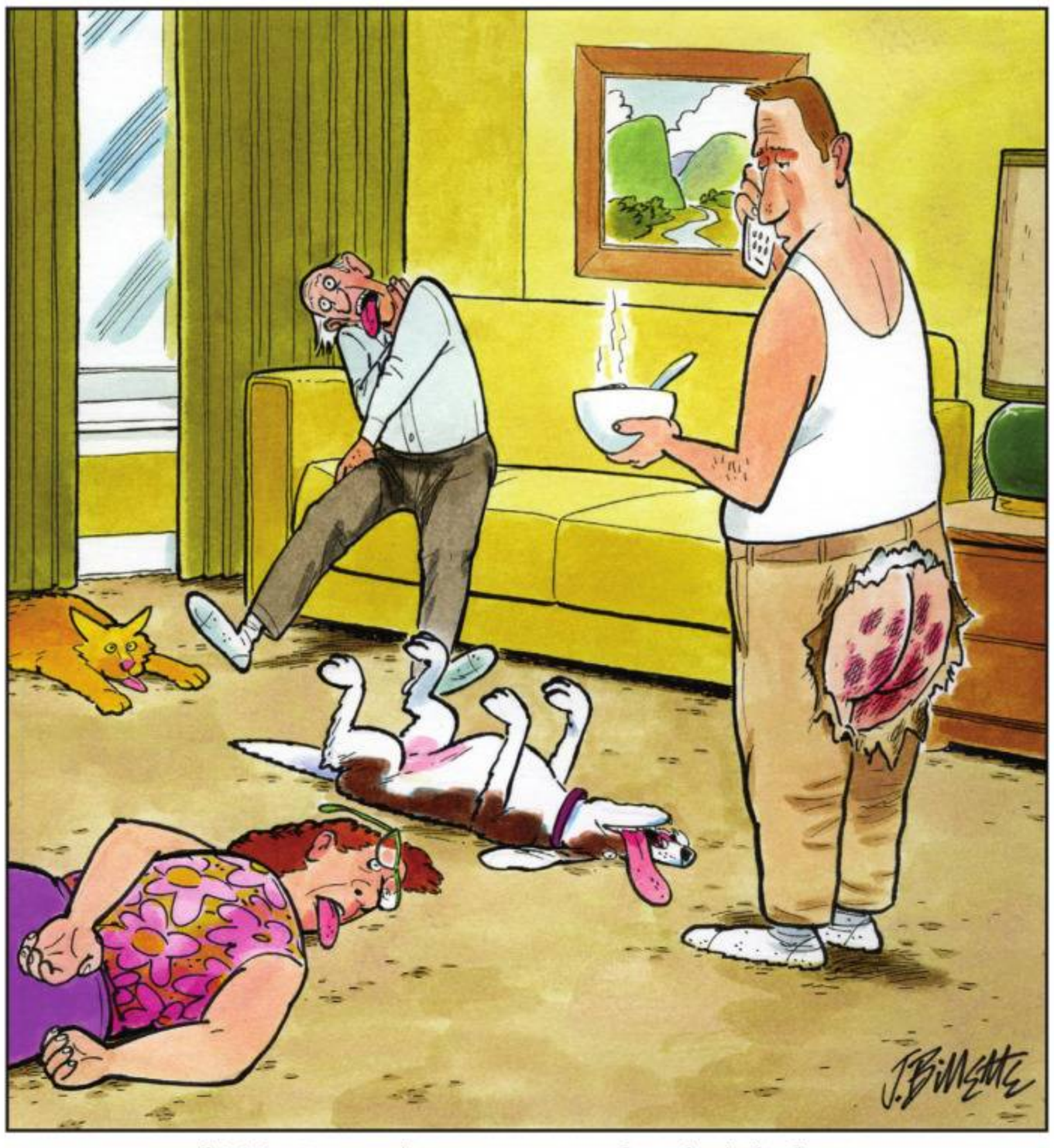
Justin Hampton, who reported on body painting in our May '09 issue, is a veteran freelancer who has covered sex, music and vice for *High Times* and other publications.



"He didn't just watch the porn, he lived it."



"I think you're the one for me, but I'd like to fuck your sister just to be sure."



"911? I need to report a fatal chili fart at 6124 South Barlow."

"In the future, everyone will have 15 minutes of fame...then 15 minutes of serious drug abuse...followed by 15 minutes of rehab...then 15 minutes of public ridicule."

FRANKENFOOD

(continued from page 73) as well, since many contain potassium bromate, a cancer-causing agent that has been banned everywhere except Japan and the U.S. And those soy products that are considered so heart-healthy are 80% genetically engineered. Factory foods also often contain trans fats and saturated fats, which raise cholesterol levels and increase the risk of heart disease.

Who's Watching the Food Store? Found in virtually every processed food, artificial flavorings could be derived from almost anything. Most are granted GRAS status by the FDA and don't require specific labeling. "Companies have a right to protected trade formulas," says Robert Cohen, founder of the Dairy Education Board. "But if it's factory-made [processed], I don't eat it."

The U.S. isn't the only source of fatal food. Melamine-contaminated powdered milk from China led to the infamous pet food poisonings. Thanks to the FDA's weak response to the crisis, the tainted powdered milk made its way into baby formula in America. The ensuing scare led to the discovery of 17 other illegal food additives, including boric acid, in Chinese imports. Because denoting the country of origin in labeling isn't mandatory, consumers take their chances when choosing food products. And in a world drenched in poisons, we can be sure the worst is yet to come.

Consumers can't possibly expect to know which foods are bad. To deceive us, manufacturers use what they call "clean labels." For example, products are allowed to state they contain no MSG (monosodium glutamate) even though it is hidden in 40 or so other ingredients, and studies have linked the additive to brain lesions and obesity. "About 30% of the population is sensitive to MSG and reacts with headache, seizure, asthma, depression or tightness in the chest," says Jack Samuels, president of Truth in Labeling.

MSG is always found in any hydrolyzed protein, such as soy, as well as in calcium caseinate, gelatin, glutamate, glutamic acid, monopotassium glutamate, sodium caseinate, yeast extract, yeast food and yeast nutrient. It may also be found in "natural" flavorings and soy protein. Campbell's soups and Newman's Own ranch dressing have disguised MSG ingredients.

Famine on the Horizon: In one frightening scenario, Frankenfood invades the environment, taking over organic plant life. In other words, natural, nonscientifically modified fruits and vegetables would disappear.

Another disaster already underway is the extreme consolidation of food supplies and suppliers, making them extremely vulnerable. Large corporations have driven off small producers, concentrating our food supplies into a handful of mega-corporations. The risks, warns Michael Pollan, are that millions of people could become ill from accidental contamination or from intentional poisoning of supplies by terrorists. These mega-corps have also bought up all unpatented seeds, often destroying them to promote their own biotech varieties.

Loss of food diversity is *(continued on page 108)*

"I thought you said you were quitting."

SLASH

SEX, DRUGS & DELI MEAT?

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

We caught up with our favorite top hat-sporting rocker Slash at Canter's Deli, a world-famous L.A. showbiz hangout, to chat with him and his lifelong friend/delicatessen owner/amateur photographer Marc Canter. The topic? Canter's brilliant new book *Reckless Road*, which chronicles the birth of Guns N' Roses.

HUSTLER: At what point did you decide to turn all your GNR photos and memorabilia into a book?

MARC CANTER: In 1993. They just got off a big two-year world tour. They were big everywhere in the world, and I thought it was important to share what I had with the fans. I used to record all the shows, kept the flyers and took pictures. It was really more for me. If they play a gig, and I don't record it, it's gone. Once I realized how important it was for the world to see what I had, I worked for 15 months at five hours a day to put it together.

I did it without using a computer. I did it by printing photos and laying them out one gig at a time. I then transcribed the shows, putting the text and adding memories. Then it just sat in my closet because the band had sort of fallen apart around '95. I met these guys from Enhanced Books by accident when my deli was featured in their book *America's Greatest Delis*. When I saw how you get these extras on their online site of audio and video, I thought, *Wow!* If I ever put my book out, this would be the way to go.

Besides recording an array of early GNR shows, you provide some cool insight.

CANTER: What's more important than the music is what they said in between the songs. You hear them tuning their guitars and them talking to the crowd—and the crowd talking back. I thought it was interesting for people to be able to hear what they said before the first time they played "Night Train" and "Paradise City." It gives the fan that much more.

What was your reaction the first time you saw *Reckless Road*?

SLASH: Very sort of casual. Marc and I have been good friends for such a long time. He told me he was doing it with all these pictures he'd taken over the years. I'm so in the future; I never think about all that past stuff. When he told me, I was like, "Oh, cool." I think he knew I hadn't taken any solid interest, but he knew not to care because he knows me well. He put together a mock-up version, and I thought it was really cool. I put that in my closet and went about my business for another three years.

CANTER: I did it for his wife Perla because she was feeling sentimental and wanted some history from Slash.

SLASH: She's like that because I gave away every piece of history I ever had. I gave it away.

CANTER: He had nothing. No gold records or anything. She called me to ask if I had any old stuff, and I told her I had this 380-page book. She came over, flipped out and took it to Kinko's to make color copies.

SLASH: When I saw that, I thought *this is really cool*. It's going to be the best sweaty, gritty rock 'n' roll picture book that I can think of. There might have been some photographers' compilations, but this book—short of sitting on the toilet—is as behind the scenes as you can get. (*Laughs.*)

CANTER: It basically covers the first 50 gigs Guns N' Roses ever did—30 prior to them getting a record deal.

SLASH: You have pre-insertion stuff in here. (*Laughs.*)

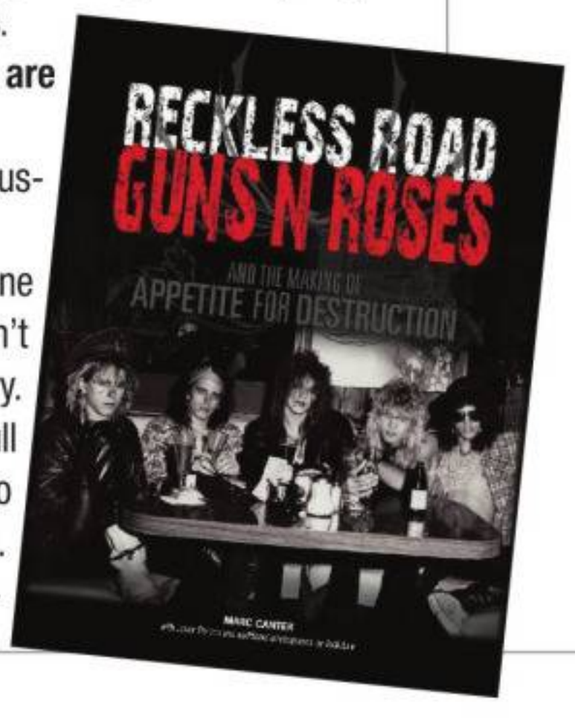
A lot of the key players contributed.

CANTER: My coauthor Jason [Porath] thought it would be cool to interview the band members and get more insight into what it was like to live on the street and how it felt to be hungry and how important it was to fight for the music. I thought if you're going to interview them, why not also talk to the roadies, the guys that signed them, the girlfriends, the strippers.

The strippers are very important.

SLASH: They sustained us. (*Laughs.*)

CANTER: Any one band member doesn't know the whole story. In order to get the full story, you have to talk to everyone. Everyone has a dif-



BY KEITH VALCOURT

ferent angle. You piece it together.

SLASH: Speaking of strippers, Adriana Smith is in town. She's the infamous girl making the sex sounds on the song "Rocket Queen."

CANTER: She's the girl Axl [Rose] had sex with in the song. She was Steven Adler's girlfriend, but she was a stripper—a *loyal* stripper. She was Slash's drinking buddy. Axl, Izzy [Stradlin] and Slash flew out to New York to mix *Appetite for Destruction*, and they took her to hang out.

SLASH: It was very spontaneous. Adriana flew out to New York, and we were hanging out at the studio. We were just buddies. Axl had this idea because there was this space at the end of "Rocket Queen," and she was a goer. That was a great evening.

While immersed in the rock 'n' roll scene, Marc, did you get any groupie runoff?

CANTER: No. I was a straight arrow.

SLASH: The funny thing about Marc, he was one of the only people who wasn't affected residually. It's probably one of the reasons he's not all fucked up. Everyone else that was close to us back in those days are—

CANTER: Either screwed up or dead. The thing is, they were hiding it from me. When they started doing bad things, they knew I didn't approve of it. I was kind of like a mentor—paying for things, flyers, feeding them. They would lock me out of the room when they did bad things.

Did Guns N' Roses hang out at Canter's a lot?

SLASH: I was here a lot.

CANTER: The band came in and did a photo-shoot. Other than that, I would bring them food to wherever they were hanging out. I'd show up with a bag of sandwiches. On their own they all ate here after the Rainbow would close. We are open 24 hours. You can come here for matzo ball soup at three in the morning.

Marc, is it true that you two became friends after Slash tried to steal your motorbike?

SLASH: I didn't actually try to *steal* it. I was admiring it. Marc was inside Kentucky Fried Chicken, and I came walking down the street and saw this minibike. It wasn't tied up or anything. I was looking at it. Marc noticed I was looking at it. He didn't know me. I was never the most presentable. He looked at me as being sort of dodgy and said, "What's up?"

CANTER: I recognized him from school. We weren't friends. Our school had three different fifth grades, and I recognized him from one of the other classes. I let him ride my bike, and that was it. Turned out he lived a block away from me.

When you looked at the book, Slash, was there anything that surprised you?

SLASH: I don't know. (*Laughs.*) Anytime that the band was together, doing a show or whatever, it was like a day in the life. It's all memorable. When you look at these pictures, it takes you back there. It rekindles a lot of memories.

The book has forewords from Slash, Duff and Adler. What do Axl and Izzy think of the book?

CANTER: Axl saw the book when I started putting it together in 1994. He saw it three times and added to it. We incorporated his comments. He was busy doing *Chinese Democracy* and focusing on that. This was a total distraction to what he was doing. I was hoping the book would come out after *Chinese Democracy*, and that didn't happen.

As far as Izzy goes, I called him and told him what I was doing. He was pretty thrilled. He said he remembered those days as the best times he ever had. He was set to come over and look at it. We were going to shoot footage of him for the online section of the book, and we sort of lost him. He's a private person. He wanted to come hang out, look at the pictures, maybe remember a few things. But he didn't want to be officially interviewed.

Does it make you nostalgic?

SLASH: No. I'm not that kind of guy.

CANTER: I feel like I'm still there.

SLASH: It's a long time ago—ages ago. I'm so absorbed in what I'm doing now, it's hard for me to get back there. It's really cool. To me it's sort of like looking at a book about another band. It's very entertaining in its own right. ■

The Dirty Dozen

TWELVE NEW DISCS YOU NEED

SERGE GAINSBOURG
Histoire de Melody Nelson

The late French crooner was the master of sexually suggestive albums. This one, from 1971, has been lavishly restored and repacked on CD and 180-gram LP. If ever there were a disc made to be played in the background while having sex, this is it!

PETER BJORN AND JOHN
Living Thing

The whistling trio that broke through a few years ago with the catchy hit "Young Folks" returns. Their latest is full of catchy hooks, addictive rhythms and, thankfully, no whistling.

LLOYD COLE
Cleaning Out the Ashtrays

The poet laureate of pop collected all the rare B-sides, covers and unreleased tracks from his solo years for this stylish box set. Available at **LloydCole.com**, it's a must-have for longtime fans of the songwriter, as well as a great intro for those not hip to his well-crafted genius.

LADY SOVEREIGN
Jigsaw

England's bratty chick rapper and self-proclaimed midget returns with another brash and snotty CD of hip-hop. Highlights include "So Human" (which samples the Cure's "Close to Me").

MILES DAVIS
Kind of Blue: Legacy Edition

Recorded 50 years ago, Miles Davis's *Kind of Blue* remains the greatest jazz album ever. Besides the master trumpeter's original landmark release, this deluxe two-disc set is augmented with bonus studio sequences, alternate takes and a live 17-minute version of "So What."

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Guilt by Association Vol. 2

An uneven collection of alternative rockers pays homage to some of the best pop songs of the past 20 years. Highlights include My Brightest Diamond's take on Soft Cell's "Tainted Love," Robbers on High Street's version of New Edition's "Cool It Now" and Matt Pond PA's remake of My Chemical Romance's "I'm Not Okay."

(continued on page 94)

GRANDMASTER FLASH

Kickin' It Old-School

PHOTO BY LADI VON JANSKY

Any DJ who has ever cut a record from side to side should thank Grandmaster Flash—he invented that. The hip-hop innovator stopped by to discuss his new autobiography.

HUSTLER: Why did you write *The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash: My Life, My Beats*?

GRANDMASTER FLASH: To forgive. I've never told my story before because the details were too painful. I had to forgive and let go. Realize that the story I am telling is in the past, that the most important thing in the world is right now. I wanted to write a book that lets me walk you through my house, through the parks, through a record deal that went south and through how I came up with this DJ science that every DJ in the world uses. I want to walk you through drug addiction and what it took for me to get out.

How did you get so messed up?

I was first casually doing [cocaine] at clubs here and there. I started doing it in large amounts when I watched my group fall apart. We were in a real bad deal. There was no way to get out. I went into a depression, and that drove me deeper into sniffing cocaine, and eventually I started smoking it. That's when I walked away from my turntables and hip-hop.

What inspired you to get clean?

My girlfriend at the time, Paulette, and my big sister Penny saved my life. My sister was embarrassing me by finding me in different drug houses. She would pound doors and blow the high. Paulette would beat guys down who tried to sell it to me. They got me to the point where I could see daylight. I had to take the slow walk back to my turntables.

When was the last time you made contact with any of the Furious Five?

I speak to Scorpio every now and then. When I'm in Atlanta, I see him. I spoke to Rahiem three weeks back. Haven't spoke to Creole in years. I have seen Melle Mel in a couple of clubs here and there.

Any chance of a reunion?

I've been approached by a promotions company that said, "You could make a ton of money." I said no, thank you, mainly because Cowboy is no longer with us. He was my baby, my first MC. He is the one that set it all off. He ain't here, so it won't feel the same. Why do it?

What tracks are you most proud of?

Technically, the best Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five record was "Freedom" or "Super Rappin'." The record that made the most noise was "The Message." The record that I'm most proud of personally is "The Adventures of Grandmaster Flash on the Wheels of Steel" because it gave me, the DJ, an artistic identity and let DJs that came after me make records.

Why did you have to sue your old label to retain your name?

We got the attorney and went into court to get out of our contract, and we had to include fighting for the rights to my name. It was me, Creole and Rahiem versus Sugar Hill. I always thought that Melle Mel would be with us, but on the day the case was called he sat on the other side with Sugar Hill.

The case went on half-a-year, and for Melle not to be with us I could not fathom. After all the years of coming up on the streets, I needed his support, and he didn't come along.

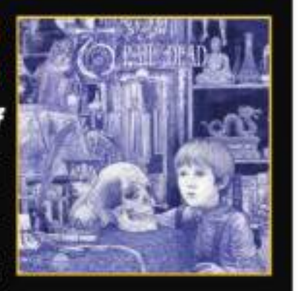
When it was all over, we won. Sylvia and Sugar Hill could never use the names Grandmaster and Flash in the same sentence on any record from then on. I got my name back. Sugar Hill is putting out records under the name Grandmaster Melle Mel.

Do you get the respect you deserve?

Respect is not begged. It's not asked for. It's given. I don't need nobody to hand it to me. Think I deserve it? I don't have any problem. Respect is given. ■

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

...AND YOU WILL KNOW US BY THE TRAIL OF DEAD
The Century of Self

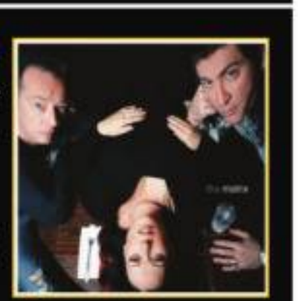


Album after album, Trail of Dead delivers some of the most exciting, cutting-edge rock available today. Their latest is nothing short of perfect. Ripping guitars intermingle with haunting vocals to create a masterpiece.

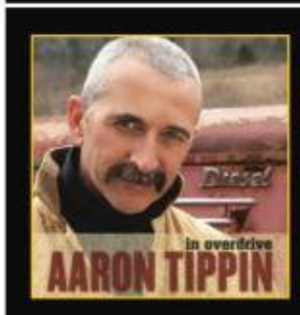
FRANZ FERDINAND
Tonight

Delivering their third CD of infectious dance pop is Scotland's third-greatest export—the first and second being whiskey and kilts. (Seriously, have you ever seen a hot chick in a kilt?) As they've done twice before, Franz Ferdinand live up to the hype. Highlights include "Ulysses" and "No You Girls."

THE MATRIX
The Matrix



The powerhouse songwriting/production trio behind everyone who has had a hit in the past decade (including Avril Lavigne, Jason Mraz and Britney Spears) has finally released its own disc. The long-delayed debut (it was recorded in 2004) features hit after hit, plus vocals from current princess of pop Katy Perry.



AARON TIPPIN
In Overdrive

Country crooner Aaron Tippin returns with a gear-grinding collection of covers devoted to long-haul trucking. Perfect for your next cross-country trek. Hammer down! Volume up! Highlights include "Drivin' My Life Away," "Truck Drivin' Man" and "Long White Line."

THE PRODIGY
Invaders Must Die

Get ready to "smack that bitch up" again! Prodigy returns fully armed and ready for action. This dangerous, twisted blast of horror and futuristic funk is a must-have if only for the snarling churn of "Take Me to the Hospital."

NICK LOWE
Quiet Please...The New Best of Nick Lowe

Despite never achieving the stardom of his onetime labelmate Elvis Costello, Nick Lowe has delivered disc after disc of smart, articulate tunes. This collection spotlights the known and not-so-known highlights of his 33-year career.

BUBBA THE LOVE SPONGE

(continued from page 61) his family, and I haven't looked back since.

If you could, would you fuck his daughter Brooke Hogan?

No. I wouldn't hit it just because I know who her father is. But if I didn't know the family and wasn't Bubba the Love Sponge? Yes, absolutely. She's beautiful.

Who is your favorite guest?

Probably Hogan, just because he started out as a guest and became a good friend. I love Lisa Lampanelli—love her. Another one of my favorite all-time guests is Henry Rollins. He's fucking awesome.

And the worst?

Jay Mohr, by far the biggest fucking asshole ever to walk the planet—the biggest hypocritical pussy to ever live.

What led you to introduce Shock the Balls and Shock the Puss?

We did shocking the balls first as punishment to interns that fucked up. That just sort of went organically into shocking the puss. We said one day, "Wouldn't it be great to find some sick girls that are into this shit?" And we did.

How painful is getting your balls shocked?

I've never had *my* balls shocked. I've put the unit on my arm but never on my ball sac. It kind of feels like you are getting bitten or pinched. It's bad on the arm. I can't even imagine what it's like on your balls. The girls go fucking crazy over it—and not in a good way. They start crying. We had this one stripper, Angie, who was the only person who got off on it. She came on the deal. She should be a HUSTLER girl.

You also have a substance called "Liquid Ass." How bad does it smell?

It's the worst ever. It smells like shit and manure with a little bit of cat piss that has been sitting out for seven months. I think it's made by a manure company. One drop will clear out an entire room.

What other crazy shit have you done?

We've done the Eel Dunk Tank and Blue Crab Dunk Tank. We set a guy on fire. The Flying Fish Hook Stun Gun. The Frozen Paintball Challenge, where we paid a guy a dollar for each paintball we shot at him. They were frozen. We do When Shit Hits the Fan. That's one of the funniest. You put guys behind a big industrial fan and throw shit.

Is there anything you won't do?

I wouldn't do an abortion live on the air.

Is there anything you've wanted to do but haven't so far?

Yeah, I tried to do the Bubba Gas Chamber, but [management] wouldn't let me do that. They thought I was being anti-Semitic. It has nothing to do with that. We were going to get a shed and throw gas in there, then go in wearing police gas masks and see how long we could last. I think the working title scared them. (*Laughs.*)

"I know you want to help the company, Bob, so we're going to cut back your work hours from 50 a week to zero... if you catch my drift."

SO, WHEN YOU CONSERVATIVES ARE NOT BUSY KISSING RUSH LIMBAUGH'S ASS, WHAT DO YOU DO FOR FUN?
YOU LIBERALS DON'T GET IT. TO US CONSERVATIVES, KISSING RUSH LIMBAUGH'S ASS IS FUN.
WINNERS

MOVIE Mammaries

SISSY SPACEK:
COAL MINER'S DAUGHTER TOPLESS!

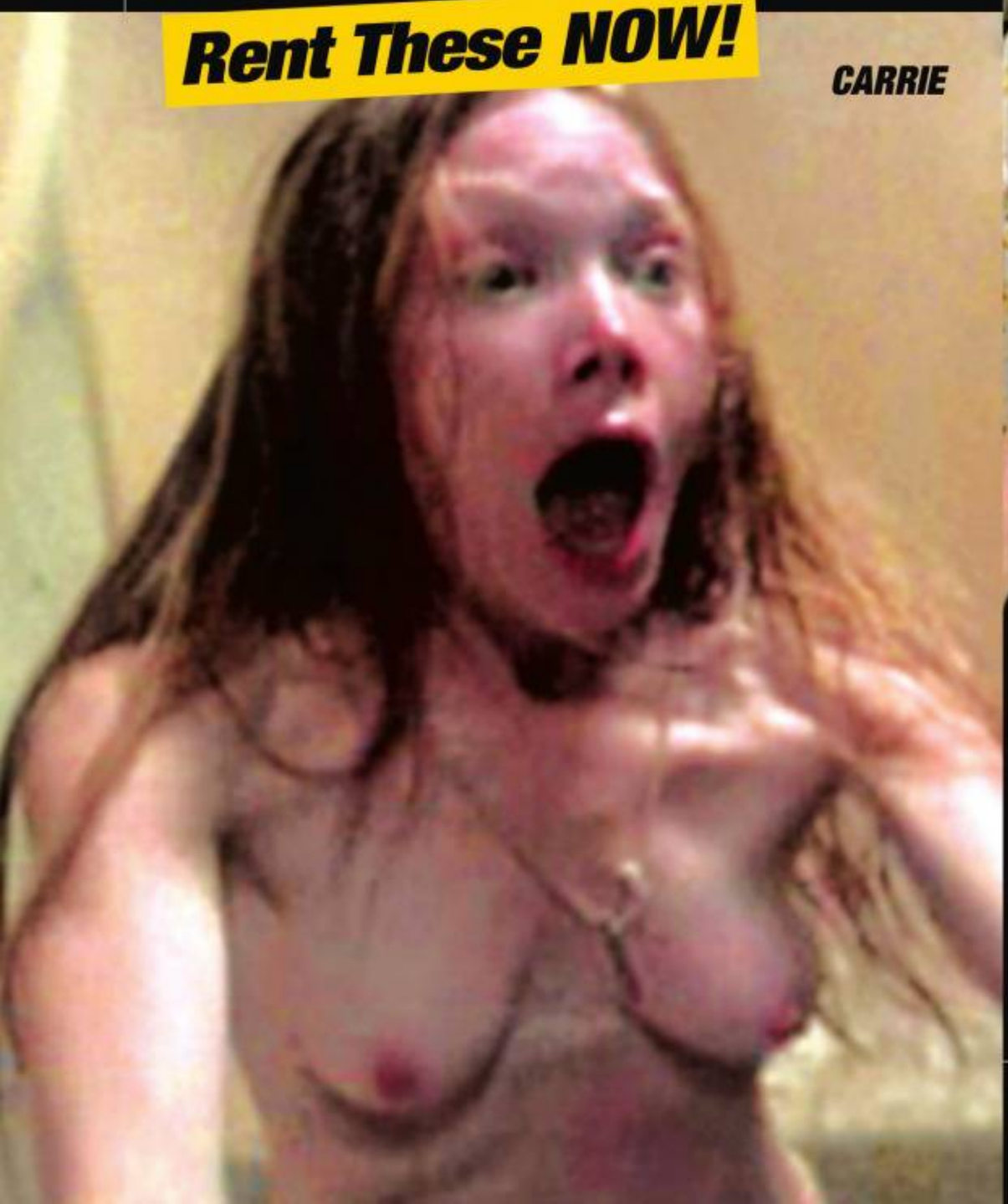
We realize that only fans of our *Cougars Unleashed* feature may want to see **Sissy Spacek** naked nowadays. After all, she's 60! But back in her younger days the redhead was really something to behold. Here are some peeks at Spacek in her prime.

Her first blast of celluloid flesh could easily be called her best. In *Prime Cut* (1972) Sissy showed off all her assets, namely her beautiful breasts, awesome ass and bountiful bush. If those three things aren't enough to get you to check out this movie, which also stars **Gene Hackman** and **Lee Marvin**, then how about the fact that she plays a hooker? Trust us, you need to see *Prime Cut*.

Spacek's turn as the creepy title character in the film adaptation of Stephen King's novel helped make *Carrie* (1976) a modern horror classic. Somehow, even covered in blood, Sissy is sexy. Providing another welcome look at her pale peaks is *Welcome to L.A.* (1977). This star-studded dramatic comedy follows the romantic misadventures and failed affairs of a songwriter and his hot-to-trot friends, one of whom is a young and topless Spacek.

Her portrayal of Loretta Lynn in *Coal Miner's Daughter* (1980) netted the rail-thin thespian (and her lovely rack) an Academy

Rent These NOW!



Award for Best Actress. Sadly, that victory also signaled the beginning of the end of Sissy's onscreen nudity. She got daring only two more times on the big screen, appearing topless in *Raggedy Man* (1981) and finally *The River* (1984).

We think that 35 may have been too early of an age for Sissy to retire such a lovely pair, but maybe she knew when to say when. At least we have an impressive body of work to remember her by.

As always, HUSTLER delivers the best in big-name skin from cinema and the boob tube. If there's an actress you'd like to see in the buff (or damn close to it), let us know by e-mailing ***NakedCelebs@LFP.com***.

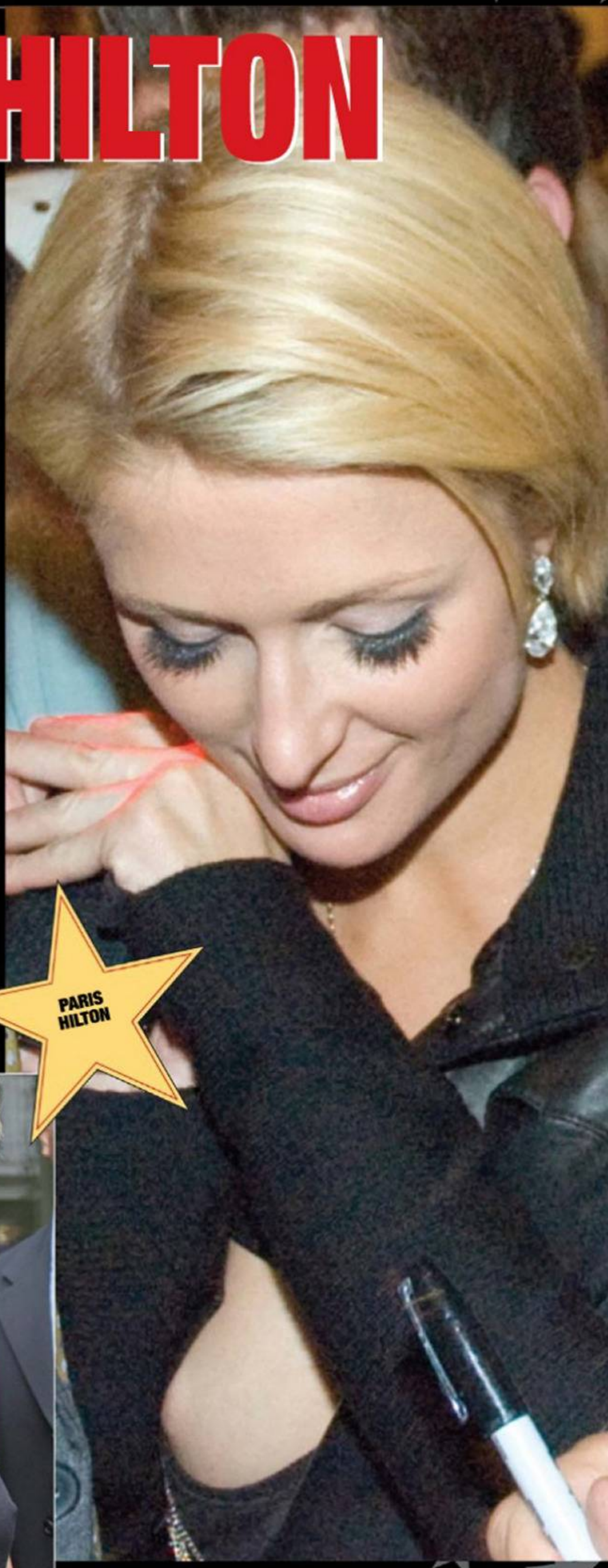
CELEBRITY FLASH

PARIS HILTON EXPOSED AGAIN!

Why do we love **Paris Hilton**? Is it the amateur porn films? The perfect pout? The benign catch-phrase? Or maybe it's her knack to turn a little bit of talent into a boatload of fame and success. In just a few short years the chick has morphed herself into a brand. Paris has now done everything, including acting (on TV and in movies), writing books and recording an album. Plus she has her own line of clothing, purses and perfume. The bitch works it!

But that's not why we love her. The reason we love Paris is her penchant for public nudity! Here are two shots of the heiress airing out her small-but-mighty boobs. The first was on a nippy London morning. How do we know it was chilly? Just look at Paris's perky nipples popping through her sheer top. The second pic captures a classic wardrobe malfunction as the bubble-headed blonde signed autographs outside the Seminole Hard Rock Hotel & Casino in Tampa, Florida. Oh, Paris, how we do love thee. Let us count the ways. One…two…yup!

Got any photos of overexposed celebutards over-exposing themselves in public? Seriously, we can't get enough of that stuff. We may buy your pictures to share with the world. Pop off an e-mail immediately to *NakedCelebs@LFP.com.*



PARIS HILTON

THIS AIN'T HAPPY

Photos courtesy HUSTLER Video

DAYS

XXX

Happy days indeed! Here are some scenes from the just-released HUSTLER DVD *This Ain't Happy Days XXX*. Finally we get to see our favorite nostalgia sitcom characters in action—explicit and orgasmic action.

Every guy wanted to be **The Fonz**. Clad in a leather jacket, the motorcycle-driving dude was the epitome of '50s cool. In this parody of the TV show, **Fonzie** (Tommy Gunn) nails two chicks (Tori Black and Codi Carmichael) in his "office"—the restroom at Arnold's. And, yes, one of the chicks does "sit on it."

Clean-cut **Richie Cunningham** (Alan Stafford) has always been kind of shy and awkward with chicks. Not so here. **Richie** gets his first blowjob from a superhot cheerleader (Riley Evans).

Next, dirty girl **Jenny Piccalo** (Penny Flame) steals **Joanie**'s boyfriend, **Chachi** (Kris Slater). The two go all out during a truly nasty tryst.

Breaking the final taboo, **The Fonz** gets down and dirty with **Mrs. C** (Raquel Devine). Watching the hot cougar suck and fuck will make you moan "AAAAAYYYY!"

And how does **Joanie** (Missy Stone), the youngest member of the **Cunningham** clan, get even? She gives up her much-prized cherry in a threesome to her older brother's best buds, **Ralph Malph** (Anthony Rosano) and **Potsie Weber** (Jack Lawrence).

This Ain't Happy Days XXX is available from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.

"Exposure Til Disclosure"

A **New York University** coed recounts her ballyhooed jaunt as a topless protester.

When the student activist organization Take Back NYU! began its three-day occupation of the Kimmel Center for Student Life, Nadia Collado and I decided to show our support—and more. We had nothing to hide, but New York University certainly does.

For two years, TBNYU! had been pressuring the university administration for full budget disclosure and financial transparency. But after utilizing conventional channels of dissent to no avail, the group finally declared that "parts of the Kimmel Center will be occupied indefinitely until NYU complies with a series of demands to make our school more democratic, accountable and socially just."

So where do Nadia and I, the topless protesters, come in? We are roommates and cofounders of the Feminist Ninjas, a coalition of women advocating free expression as a weapon against social oppression. Although our group isn't affiliated with either Take Back NYU! or the university itself, we wanted to show our solidarity with fellow student activists who had risked arrest and expulsion to demand accountability of an oppressive institution.

Aware that New York State law allows women to go topless in public, we came up with an unorthodox way to draw attention to the protest. Nadia and I exposed our breasts in order to bluntly and loudly demonstrate how NYU would not reveal its budget. Exposure Til Disclosure was born.

Armed with placards and flyers with catchy taglines such as "NYU, I have nothing to hide!" and "What are *you* hiding?," Nadia and I took to the streets and took off our shirts. The weather was unseasonably warm for February, and we danced around and yelled and raised some ruckus along with approximately 50 other (clothed) demonstrators.

We understood that our actions might be inflammatory, but that was the point. This was not a time to make people comfortable. That is not a concern of radical activists. We were not two women going topless just for the hell of it, nor were we seeking personal attention. Nadia and I were not asking for judgment on our bodies or sexuality. We were demanding, with our voices and bodies, that people pay attention to a cause revolving around New York University administration's policies and obstinacy.

However, thanks to a barrage of phone calls and e-mails, not to mention high-fives from strangers in the street, Nadia and I learned that our actions had gotten more media attention than we had bargained for. First our photos appeared in several NYU student publications. Then we found ourselves in the Gothamist, a well-known New York City blog, and on the front page of *New York Magazine*'s Web site. The Take Back NYU! occupation had garnered a huge amount of press—and so did its two most visible supporters.

Suddenly, Nadia and I were in a shit storm of public opinion. The Internet is a beautiful thing, where anyone can say anything, and people had *plenty* to say about Exposure Til Disclosure. The comments sections of various posts were mostly filled with ridiculous negativity: everything from telling us to get breast implants to criticizing our smoking to wondering how we could call ourselves feminists if our armpits were shaved. Nadia and I were labeled sluts, attention whores, ugly, gorgeous, privileged, unintelligent and naive.

Of course, we were in awe. How could two topless women inspire so much controversy and anger, sometimes bordering on violence? The fact that we had taken off our shirts to support a cause had obviously struck a nerve.

That nerve says a lot about why we, the Feminist Ninjas, feel it is so important to get our group's message across. We have a problem with a society that generally tolerates female nudity when it involves pleasure, fashion and objectification, but not when a woman undresses to use her body as a symbol of strength and protest. Nadia and I are very comfortable with our bodies and our intelligence, and we will always demand complete control of when, where and how we use either.

We have no regrets about Exposure Til Disclosure. Some people have accused us of detracting from the purpose of the protest, but nothing could be further from the truth. Nadia and I wanted to draw attention to the Kimmel Center occupation, and we did just that. Even if people were only reading the news articles because they'd displayed our boobs, they also were informed of the Take Back NYU! platform. There is no way to separate the images from the intent.

Keri Lyons is an NYU sophomore majoring in women's studies. Filled with "love and rage," the Massachusetts native has more to report at **FeministNinjas.Blogspot.com**. For more on the NYU student body's activism, see **NYUlocal.com**.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com*.

PHOTOS BY SANDY GORDON

Coeds: Send us some sexy pictures and garner some handy financial assistance! To apply, follow the instructions in entry form on page 131 and indicate **Real College Girls** on submission envelope.

Real College Girls

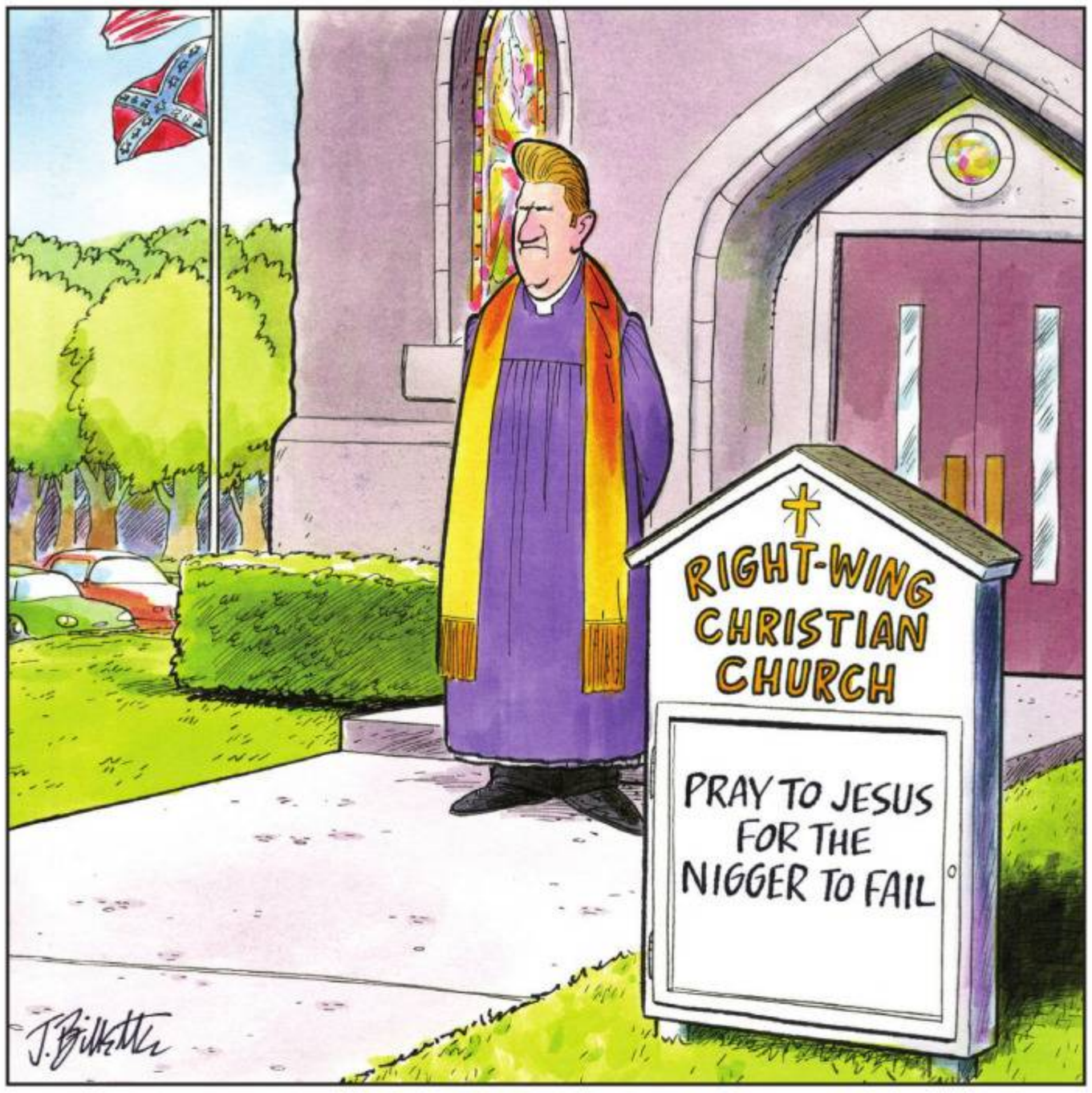
Deborah: Navarro College

Corsicana, Texas—home of Navarro College—also boasts Collin Street Bakery (the world-famous fruitcake purveyor), and now it can lay claim to a coed who wanted to show more than a cheesecake model. "It was a fantasy of mine to be naked in HUSTLER," discloses Deborah, 26, a freshman eyeing a career as a veterinarian. "Now everyone will know I'm a shaver." But not a die-hard fan of country music great Billy Joe Shaver, who also hails from Corsicana.

Deborah digs Guns N' Roses—as well as hunting, fishing, basketball, volleyball, *CSI* and networking—but those all play second fiddle to her "I'm a freak in bed" sex life. "I'm bi, somewhat dominant and horny all the time," the six-footer admits. "I really love oral, giving and getting, but the girls I go down on must be clean-shaven. I can handle a little-bitty strip, but not more hair than that."

For hetero hanky-panky, which has led to "anal more than once," Deborah also draws the line: "I like a man who's tall, not too thin and not too big. Fucking shouldn't be painful." But, she maintains, it never hurts having an extra partner: "Threesomes are the greatest!" Deborah gushes. "I love getting to eat pussy while a guy is doing me doggy-style and saying nice things about my ass. Slapping it too! Now that I've done your mag, my fantasy is to have me a fella at both ends."

—Photos by Friend



WHY DADS SHOULD START TALKING TO THEIR SONS ABOUT SEX EARLY

(continued from page 90) just as threatening as the concentration of production. For example, according to the disturbing film *The Future of Food*, 97% of the vegetable species available at the beginning of the 20th century are now extinct. While there were 5,000 varieties of potatoes in 1900, now only four are grown. As with the Irish potato famine, one insect or blight can wipe out an entire nation's crop. The same loss of diversity is seen with wheat, corn, apples and virtually all other crops. Today 80% of all our beef comes from only four companies. And food distribution in the U.S. is heavily controlled by one company—Wal-Mart.

Science for Sale: Large corporations also bankroll much of the scientific community—namely the researchers, doctors, universities and hospitals that conduct studies to be submitted to the FDA. Pennsylvania State University was funded by Upjohn and a division of Eli Lilly to study genetically modified growth hormones. Monsanto and American Cyanamid paid thousands to the University of Minnesota to study its products. Almost half a million dollars was given to the University of Vermont and millions to the University of Florida to conduct corporate food studies.

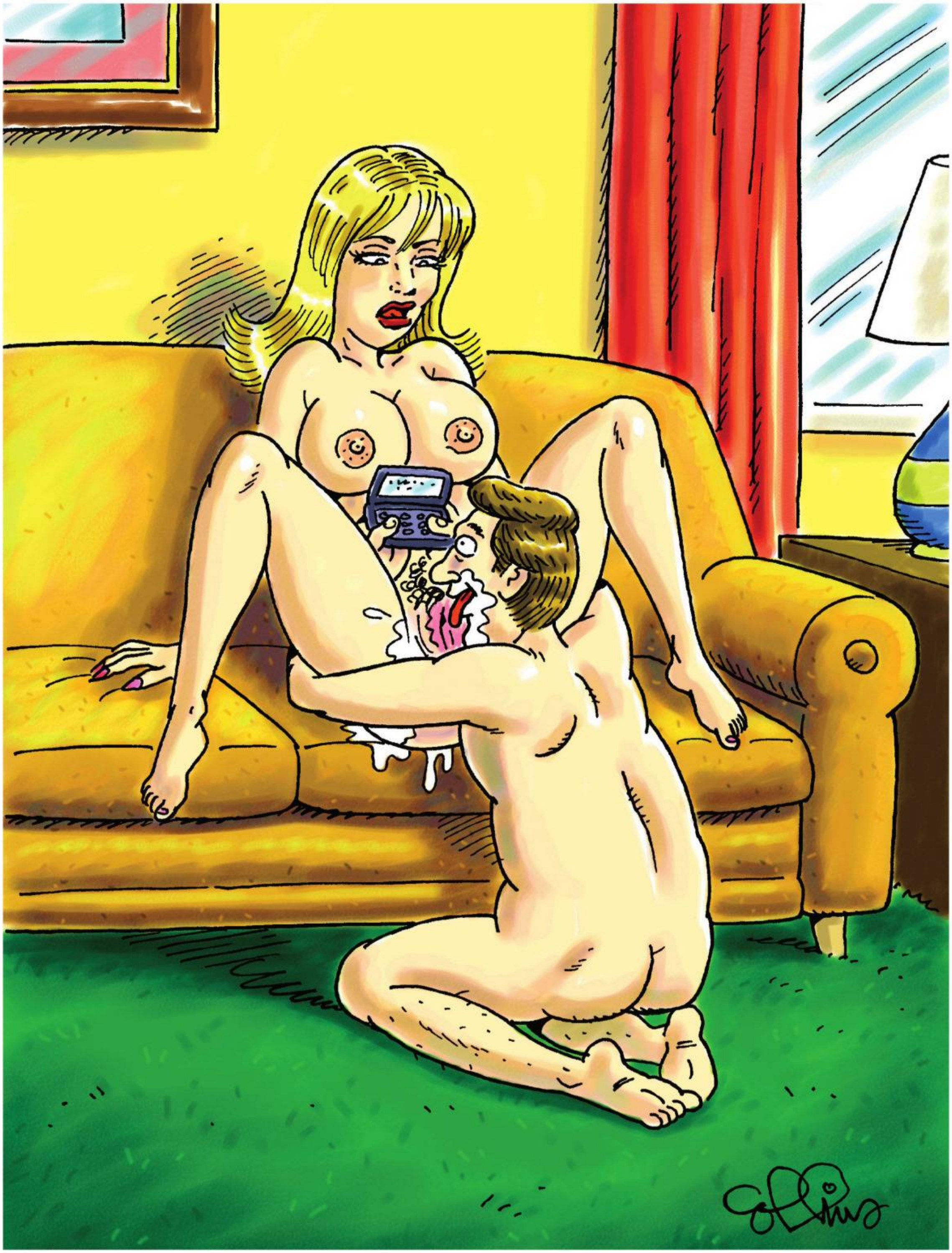
The problem with these cozy relationships is the pressure on researchers to give the customer what it wants—pro-corporate results. The public's best interests aren't always served. A University of Toronto professor of medicine secured funding to conduct trials on a promising drug, then was sued by the sponsoring manufacturer after she revealed toxic side effects to her patients.

Finally, Big Pharma and food congloms give the FDA millions of dollars in fees, ostensibly to fast-track drug approvals. This gives them powerful influence over the agency that is supposed to regulate the companies.

Ban the FDA? Just before Election Day 2008 a group of FDA scientists wrote to Barack Obama, begging him to restructure the agency. They claimed that upper-level managers committed the most outrageous misconduct by ordering, coercing and intimidating FDA physicians and scientists to recommend approval, then retaliating if they refused to go along. "Currently there is an atmosphere at FDA in which the honest employee fears the dishonest employee, and not the other way around," the letter went on to state.

In 2007 a commissioner of China's State Food and Drug Administration was executed for taking bribes from pharmaceutical companies to greenlight substandard medications. In America he would have been promoted. For that reason, this is one battle we simply can't win, says the Dairy Education Board's Robert Cohen. "The Monsantos, DuPonts and Dows have stacked the deck against us."

Debbie Epstein is an award-winning healthcare and science author who lives in Ringwood, New Jersey, with husband David, Wilbur the cat and Joe the Yorkie.



"How about devoting less attention to Twitter and more to clitter?"

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

Nurses Katsuni, Riley, Stoya, Shay and Jesse handle the bounceback.

Cock docs Gabriella, Shawna and Jenna (right) vie for head ***Nurse****.*

Naughty ***Nurses*** *Riley, Shay and Jesse lose the patient.*

Nurses

DIGITAL PLAYGROUND. DIRECTOR: ROBBY D. STARRING: JESSE JANE, RILEY STEELE, STOYA, KATSUNI, SASHA GREY, GABRIELLA FOX, SHAY JORDAN, SHYLA STYLEZ, JENNA HAZE, SHAWNA LENEE & THEIR PATIENTS.

Ace director Robby D. continues his string of tried-and-true sex fantasies—*Babysitters*, *Cheerleaders*—with *Nurses*. This clinical epic may be the most enjoyable one so far, mostly because the Digital Playground dolls look great in their white outfits—not to mention out of them. The glossy romp aims for high comedy, most of which is in the lead balloon category, but if you're a *Naked Gun* fan, you'll be guffawing and beating off at the same time. Asian phenom Katsuni is a walking fever as the bitchy head nurse who does whatever it takes to relieve patients of their hazardous hard-ons. And Jesse Jane stokes her superstardom with another hot, weirdly cartoony turn that would make a flatliner come. Then there's Stoya. If you're a regular reader, you know we're obsessed with this pale, dark-haired beauty. If there were a health plan that included Stoya as the guaranteed nurse, we'd pay the outrageous premiums and be sure to end up in intensive care. *Nurses* is a slick chunk of contemporary sleaze that every hospital should stock in its gift shop (even if the lack of enemas may disappoint serious fetishists). Now be a good patient and give Nurse Sasha your semen sample. ***—M.J.***

White Trash *Nikki Rhodes tries a new procedure, while Tristan Kingsley finds a tongue depressor.*

Can you feel that? ***Nurses*** *Shawna Lenee and Lexi Love run some tests.*

White Trash Nurses

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: LEX T. DRILL. STARRING: SHAWNA LENEE, TRISTAN KINGSLEY, WHITNEY STEVENS, NIKKI RHODES, RILEY EVANS, LEXI LOVE, LEE STONE, SASCHA, ALEC KNIGHT & JAY LASSITER.

HUSTLER Video strapped on the brass balls and went head-to-head with Digital Playground by releasing its own low-rent grinder. If *Nurses* is the upscale clinic, *White Trash Nurses* is the nasty, downtown hooker hospital. Donning a cheesy nurse's getup, pendulously titted Whitney Stevens kicks off the low-class action as a dickslurper who plunges into a full-body exam. We mean no disrespect when we say Whitney establishes the right white trash tone for this flick without even trying. By the time top-billed Shawna Lenee shows up to remove some foreign objects from her gal pal's anus and receive some strap-on gratitude in return, you'll be running a temperature and may experience some swelling. Ms. Lenee, by the way, is also a supporting player in *Nurses*, so she's got the bedside manner of a real pro. *WTN* is crammed with steamy trash that will take you any way you want without an appointment. Now *that's* a fucking healthcare plan! ***—M.J.***

Insatiable Voyage

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. DIRECTOR: MIKE JOHN. STARRING: BOBBI STARR, DANA DeARMOND, JAMES DEEN, STEVE HOLMES, SEAN MICHAELS, TONE CAPONE, JOHNNY FENDER, STEVEN FRENCH, WADE HARDMAN, MIKE HASH, HOOKS, LEFTY LARUE, MR. MARCUS, MR. PETE, ARNOLD SCHWARZENPECKER & MARK ZANE.

Remember when Dana DeArmond was just an Internet cutie? Now she's one of the filthiest hard-core athletes in the jizz biz. For this tour de ass she and her pal Bobbi Starr team up to tackle a cock surplus. More gang-bangable than ever, fleshy, all-natural DeArmond eagerly shows her talent for getting large things (dicks, beads, fists, feet) into small holes—sometimes all at once. Ditto for Bobbi Starr. If you're skeptical about two babes carrying a four-hour flick, don't be. Dana and Bobbi are genetically engineered for this shit and deliver several generously long scenes. The plot of their "voyage" is a great behind-the-scenes gimmick: Steve Holmes is sick of badly run porn shoots, so he launches his own "School of Meatvending." With Dana as his visual aid, he's a font of semen-soaked wisdom, even giving away the game on squirting. ("If they call it pee, they cannot release the movie.") Bobbie and Dana's *Insatiable Voyage* has it all: education, toe-sucking, stupid dialogue and loads of brave, insightful ass-fucking. Ebert & Roeper would give it two dicks way up. ***—M.J.***

AF37's Kina Kai opens her puzzle box.

Asa Akira: **Asian** from ass to front.

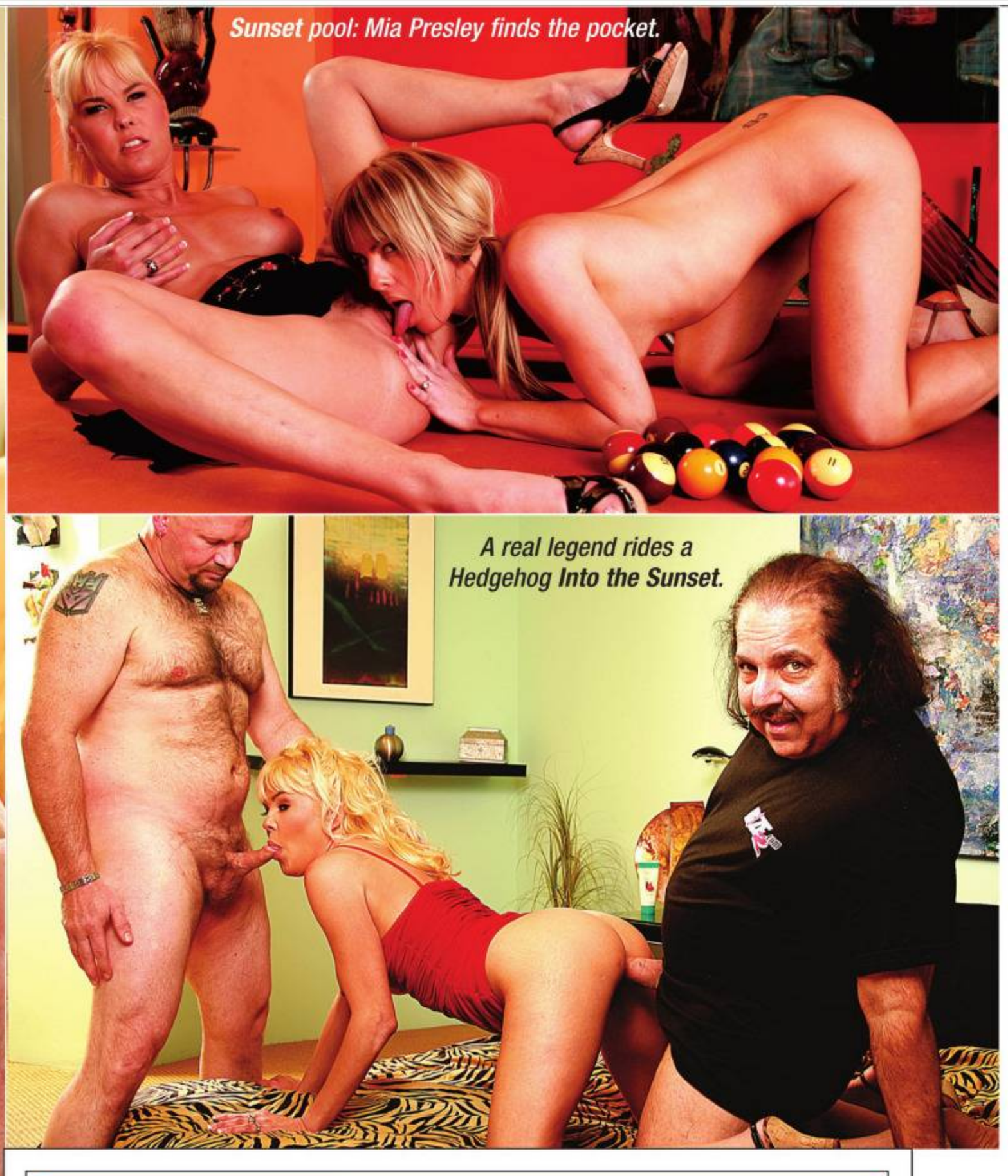
Fever dream: Maneater Krystal Kali can't be stopped.

Asian Fever #37

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: KEVIN MOORE. STARRING: JESSICA BANGKOK, KINA KAI, ASA AKIRA, KRYSTAL KALI, LONDON KEYS, KIMMY THAI, JERRY, ALEC KNIGHT, DERRICK PIERCE, DAVID LOSO, JOEY BRASS & STEVEN KNIGHT.

Lucky *#37* proves that this long-running series still has the raw magnetism to make your cock point due east. Jessica Bangkok gets marquee billing, and she earns it with a great squealing, bouncy-boobed performance, joined by Kimmy Thai. But we're tapping Krystal Kali as the disc's most intriguing dumpling. Krystal brings a hip, nonaugmented look to the party and doesn't bother with the meek-Asian clichés, diving into a double-penetration scene like she eats dong for breakfast. (Maybe that's why she chose the name Kali, after the man-slaughtering Hindu goddess of death and redemption.) Ms. Kali keeps the mercury high, but if that ain't enough, hold out for beguiling Asa Akira, who justifies her recent popularity explosion with a whack-worthy couch fuck. Pour the plum wine and enjoy! ***—M.J.***

*Warm-up act: Lexi Love screens cock for **Sunset**.*



Sunset pool: Mia Presley finds the pocket.

*A real legend rides a Hedgehog **Into the Sunset**.*

Into the Sunset

SOL Y MAR PRODUCTIONS/LFP VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: SUNSET THOMAS, PENNY FLAME, BROOKE BANNER, MIA PRESLEY, LEXI LOVE, ROMA, NICK MANNING, MIKEY BUTDERS, MARCO BANDERAS, JAY LASSITER, CHRIS BELLIS & RON JEREMY.

Whenever a porn star delivers her "farewell," we like to say, "She'll be back." But Sunset Thomas has had such a successful run, she probably doesn't need us anymore. The living legend's final fuckfest starts with a signing for fans at L.A.'s HUSTLER Hollywood store. Sure, it's shameless self-promotion but justified: While fingering her twat, Sunset reminisces that she got her start in the biz thanks to Larry Flynt. For her *bone voyage*, Ms. Thomas sends some gal pals off to find a lucky stiff so she can "give something back" to her fans. (As if 17 years of sucking and fucking on camera wasn't enough!) The cock-riding starts when the girls—led by ambitious fuckdoll Penny Flame—start auditioning candidates. Eventually the Hedgehog, Ron Jeremy himself, shows up as director to give the winner some pointers. It all ends with everybody in a good old spit-and-semen session. There may be more porn history in one scene than you want to see, but for the legion of Sunset fans it's unmissable. **—M.J.**

NOW PLAYING ON

HUSTLER TV™

SOUL IN THE HOLE

6 PORN STAR WANNABES!

LISA ANN MILF TRAINER

TEEN AMERICA #22

DADDY GETS LUCKY #1

BIG WET ASSES #14

KEEPING IT UP FOR KARDASSIANS

5 BIG BREASTED MILFS

REAL GIRLFRIENDS

BOOTY TALK #80

Check with your cable or satellite television provider to see if it offers HUSTLER TV.

*Lorena Sanchez gets plenty of **Soul in the Hole**.*

Fernanda Franklin goes **Raunchy in Rio.**

Raunchy in Rio

WICKED PICTURES. DIRECTOR: JONATHAN MORGAN. STARRING: ALESSANDRA MARQUES, KARINE MULLER, FERNANDA FRANKLIN, MELISSA PETANGA, JESSICA TYLOR, VALENTINA, BAD BOY, KID JAMAICA & ROGE.

This movie is pretty much what you'd expect from its title: guys ass-fucking Brazilian hookers on beaches. The girls, mostly locals, make at least halfhearted attempts to mask their professional boredom, but the sex isn't as raunchy as you might hope for. Sultry Karine Muller (who looks more Cariocan than her name sounds) turns in a spirited scene, single-assedly saving an otherwise-mediocre sex vacation. **—M.J.**

HUSTLER HOLLYWOOD

Relax... it's just sex!

SAVE $10
OFF $100 OR MORE!

ENTER CODE HMAG1AG9
AT CHECKOUT, OR BRING AD INTO STORE*

DVDS | TOYS | LINGERIE
APPAREL

HustlerHollywood.com/Store
866.361.3697

* NOT VALID ON NEWSSTAND, CAFÉ, OR SALE ITEMS.
SOME RESTRICTIONS APPLY. CALL OR SEE STORES FOR DETAILS. EXPIRES 09/30/09

PHOTO BY MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

DOUBLE FEATURE!

HUSTLER invites you to the movies

HUSTLER VIDEO

HustlerHollywood.com

We Saw Her First

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOSE LUIS

BRIANNE COX

PHOTO VIRGIN

Being in HUSTLER is a big step for me," purrs mainstream model/promotional spokeswoman **Brianne Cox**. "I was a little nervous at first because I'm not used to posing totally nude. The photographer assured me that the pictures would look artsy and classy. After a couple of shots I got down to it. I loved it!"

BRIANNE COX'S VITAL FACTS: HOMETOWN: Las Vegas | AGE: 22 | BIRTH SIGN: Pisces | HEIGHT: 5-9 | WEIGHT: 125

Is **Cox** really the newbie's last name? "Yeah!" **Brianne** exclaims. "Would I make something like that up? People expect me to be a dirty girl because of my last name. The truth is I *am* kind of dirty, but only in private. When it comes to sex, I have always been very open and experimental. My philosophy is if it feels good, why not?"

Brianne is also open about detailing her amorous side: "I'm big into oral sex, both giving and receiving. My favorite thing is to suck and lick a guy's cock until he's almost ready to come, then climb on top of him. I love feeling the blast of a man's load inside my pussy. That gets me off every time."

Will the beauty be getting off in hard-core porn someday? "I'm not sure," **Brianne** admits. "I realize that most girls use posing nude as a springboard into the adult industry. I just wanted to do it to show off my body. But hard-core porn? Maybe. I'll have to do some research on that and get back to you."

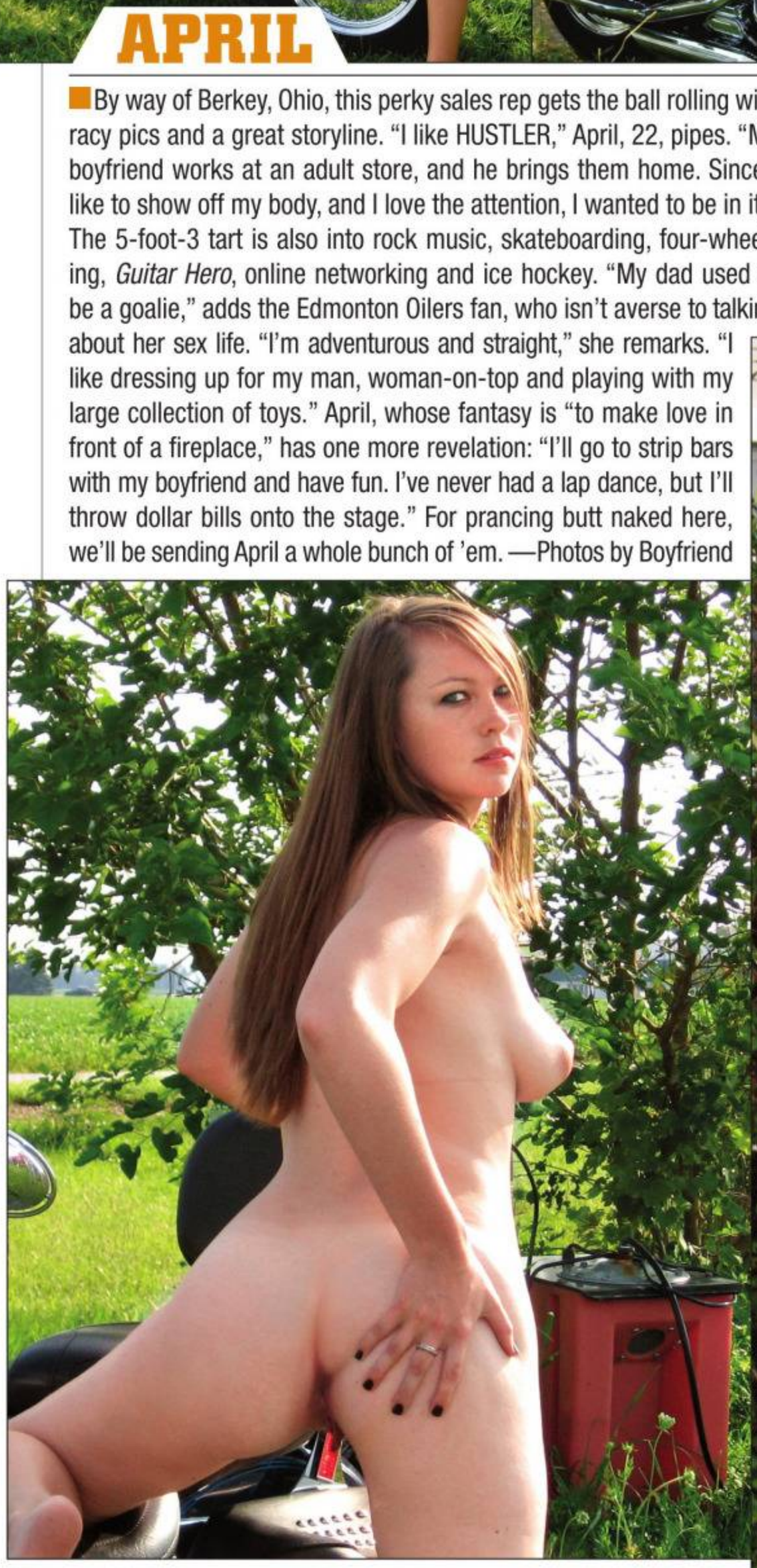
"I knew it would be bad, but I definitely wasn't ready for the 24-hour Ann Coulter porn!"

BEAVER HUNT

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

APRIL

By way of Berkey, Ohio, this perky sales rep gets the ball rolling with racy pics and a great storyline. "I like HUSTLER," April, 22, pipes. "My boyfriend works at an adult store, and he brings them home. Since I like to show off my body, and I love the attention, I wanted to be in it." The 5-foot-3 tart is also into rock music, skateboarding, four-wheeling, *Guitar Hero*, online networking and ice hockey. "My dad used to be a goalie," adds the Edmonton Oilers fan, who isn't averse to talking about her sex life. "I'm adventurous and straight," she remarks. "I like dressing up for my man, woman-on-top and playing with my large collection of toys." April, whose fantasy is "to make love in front of a fireplace," has one more revelation: "I'll go to strip bars with my boyfriend and have fun. I've never had a lap dance, but I'll throw dollar bills onto the stage." For prancing butt naked here, we'll be sending April a whole bunch of 'em. —Photos by Boyfriend



CARMEN LEE

Adding Mexican-Italian spice to our latest roundup is this 20-year-old medical esthetician from Arvada, Colorado, who oozes with bravado and candor. "I've always wanted to show off my body to everyone," coos the flamboyant five-footer. "I've got the J-Lo thing going. My butt is big and round and gets lots of compliments. My oral sex skills also get raves. Guys like that I can deep-throat. I do facials at work, but I really love getting them." No wonder Carmen Lee labels herself as a "seductive, spontaneous, bi nympho who's ready to have sex on camera." However, the *Nip/Tuck* and *Sex and the City* gal is an anal virgin. "My fantasy," she relates, "is to get fucked in the ass by Leila Star with a strap-on." And what a send-off! "I'm excited to see myself in HUSTLER," Carmen asserts. "I want guys to beat off to my pictures!"

—Photos by MistysXXXgirls

SHAYNA

"I wanted to be a Beaver because I love to show off," announces this 27-year-old veterinary technician from Marysville, Washington. "I've done it at Mardi Gras, and I have my Flash Fridays, when I give truckers an eyeful while we're driving side-by-side on the freeway." Now getting to flaunt what Shayna affectionately calls "my va-jay-jay," the 5-foot-3 networking and *Nip/Tuck* aficionada provides a mouthful: "I'm happily married, bi, seductive and strong. I love getting in that saddle and riding hard, but I come even better with anal. I'm a pretty good cook, but my favorite food is cum—lots of protein!" Shayna has taken part in a handful of swingers club orgies, but she has one less-crowded desire: "I want to sleep with Angelina Jolie."

—Photos by Husband

NINA

"My husband is proud of me!" trumpets this "very experimental" military wife from Fayetteville, North Carolina. "He knows how much I like to show off, but doing it in HUSTLER is extra-special. I like to make people happy. Also, now that I'm 30 and have kids, I wanted to see if I still got it." Does she ever! As for other enjoyments, Nina—who "just had to get topless the first time I ever saw snow"—rattles off "playing dress-up, dancing, hard rock and pleasing others." Giving *oomph* to the tail-end item, the 5-foot-3 mag rookie—a *Tool Academy* viewer no less—admits, "I really like to give head." Nina's "craziest" sexual episode took place "at a table in a restaurant while other people were around," but her wildest fantasy expresses a perverse hunger: "At a mall I want to be dragged into a bathroom by a stranger and have him fuck the hell out of me while calling me his dirty little slut. I love rough sex." —Photos by Husband

EVA

Connoisseurs of pelvic foliage have reason to feel spurned, but they should exult as this muff-sporting Czech joins the Beaver colony. "I wanted to prove that I can model as my natural self and that I don't need a cosmetic surgeon to look sexy," professes Eva, 26, an administrative assistant residing in Tunbridge Wells, England. "Doing something new is always exciting. I'm spontaneous and a very passionate fox!" The 5-foot-8 newbie is also "a big fan of a healthy lifestyle, Pilates and Tori Amos music." Although the anal enthusiast's bum garners frequent praise, Eva acknowledges the charms of an old-fashioned bush: "Not to shave feels natural and comfortable. It's also a plus knowing that lots of guys are turned on by women with hair down there." —Photos by Friend

PRINCESS

"Everything is bigger in Texas!" bellows this 5-foot-9, 36DD newcomer, who "works my ass off" as a waitress down in Waco, Texas. "I really love my boobs, so showing them off in a magazine—along with all the rest—was just a matter of when." Since Princess is only 20, her timing is nothing short of impeccable. "I'm not shy about this," she goes on. "I love sex, and I've always loved being naked. I don't like clothes." No wonder Princess describes herself as "fun, don't care about anything and very happy all the time." Nothing makes Princess happier than "doing anything that sounds like fun"—primarily sex: "I'll try anything once, twice, three times. I've even stripped a few times. It was fun and kinda cool to be working and naked at the same time. If I wasn't so curious, daring and submissive, I would have missed out on my biggest pleasure ever: anal sex. Everything about it is better than the usual way." Princess, who's "usually too busy having sex to watch TV," has only one other serious pastime: online networking. "The Internet was made for outgoing people like me," she reflects. "I like seeing what other people are up to." Princess has redefined the words *outgoing* and *tantalizing*. —Photos by Friend

"I want to ride an elevator while I'm naked and surprise people getting on."

BEAVER HUNT SPOTLIGHT

CHELSEA

"I like being naked, and not just when I'm dancing or getting some," proclaims this August birthday celebrant from the Mississippi River burg East Carondolet, Illinois (population: 267). "Every once in a while I'll go to a bar, take off my clothes, then put some quarters in the jukebox and shake my booty." For the record, Chelsea—who was born in 1980—digs '70s and '80s rock 'n' roll, but the 4-foot-11 cutie pie also lists "shooting pool, writing poetry, [the TV show] *Army Wives*, nude beauty pageants, masturbating and sex" as personal interests. "I used to be bi," she points out, "but now I'm straight. I just want cock! What really does the trick is being spanked and having my hair pulled while I'm getting fucked doggy-style. I like it rough." We sure like this diminutive firebrand, whose army of worshipers has been growing since her May '05 *Beaver Hunt* debut. —Photos by Friend

"I want to be coming the moment my birthday arrives!"

ISABELLA

Here's a "laid-back" waitress from Mendocino, California, who can't wait to undress after work. "When I'm home, I usually don't have clothes on," says Isabella, 27. "I watch TV naked all the time. The pizza guy loves me." Explaining why we're getting a peek, the Adult Swim fan continues, "I like sex a lot, so why not take it to a new level and make some extra money while I'm at it?" Isabella "stays active" by "going to the beach, swimming and surfing," but her amorous endeavors are more riveting. "I'm rowdy in bed!" the 5-foot-5 neophyte exclaims. "Of course, I like doggy-style. What girl doesn't? I also like sucking dick, but to make it fair, I like to get my pussy licked. Right now I'm really into threesomes with girls." Under the right conditions, Isabella will even try anal: "I used to need a few drinks to do something like that, but I've discovered that lots of lube works too!" Finally, delivering a doorbell-ringing fantasy, Isabella muses, "I'm hoping a cute pizza guy comes by so I can give him the best tip of his life." —Photos by Friend

WIN BIG BUCKS!

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER?

If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* competition wants you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth $2,500. (The layout winner's shooter will pocket $250.) All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the model release below and provide the requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

MODEL RELEASE/ENTRY FORM

To enter, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send this entire release and a **legible COLOR photocopy of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card** (with photo, date of birth and signature). Provide photocopy, not original. All entries must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All photos become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to photos we purchase. Send photos, identification and this release with all information requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. **Contest not open to residents of Arizona.** Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary.

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published | Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth | Model's Social Security number | Occupation

Telephone (include area code) | Personal e-mail address

Address

City | State | Zip

Real College Girls applicants: check box below. ☐

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release/entry form and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide entry form) | Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $250 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization. **In its sole discretion, LFP Publishing Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, may elect to post the Images submitted by the Model on its Internet Web site currently located at BeaverHunt.com instead of publishing them in HUSTLER Magazine. In that case, the Model agrees to accept as full consideration for such posting six months of free membership and benefits in said BeaverHunt.com Web site.**

AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER: _____(PRINT NAME)

I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in HUSTLER Magazine. If any Image(s) so submitted are published in HUSTLER Magazine, or are instead posted on the BeaverHunt.com Internet Web site operated by LFP Internet Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, then I hereby grant worldwide reproduction, exhibition and display rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, published or posted, including the right to alter or edit said Images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns.

Photographer's legal signature | Date (month/date/year)

Note: Prize money sent to model only.

Not What You Expect. Everything You Love.

HUSTLER CASINO℠

LOS ANGELES

www.HustlerCasinoLA.com

1000 W. REDONDO BEACH BLVD., GARDENA, CA 90247 310.719.9800

Free 30 Day Supply *See Details Below.

Size Does Matter!

Get Results Super Fast with New Xomax!

Enlargement up to 5 Inches can be Expected!

Guaranteed Results

Get serious about having the biggest, thickest, longest penis possible. Don't waste any more time on cream, sprays or products that have not been proven. Start seeing real results today, take XOMAX now! Women will crave your new penis like never before. You don't have to wait months, weeks or even days to get the results you want. You'll start to see noticeable gains with your very first dose.

XOMAX is Superior to All Male Enlargement Pills! See For Yourself

Concentrated Formula

This new highly concentrated formula makes all the difference in the world. Never before has there been an all-natural formula that works as fast and effectively as XOMAX. To increase the size of your penis, you need a solution that works. You won't find a more potent formula for growth and development of your penis –it's proven!

Xomax is Better

XOMAX was put to the test! By comparing the three leading brands of male enhancement pills to XOMAX, the results were incredible! Men all over the world are amazed with their results from XOMAX. Don't waste your time and money on products that don't deliver. Get a penis women will crave and men will envy with the best super concentrated formula –XOMAX.

$29.95 Value

FREE DVD WITH PURCHASE

Ultimate Sexual Pleasures

See Results or its FREE*

Maximum Potential

You'll be the envy of every man. With your new extra big hard penis, you'll be able to penetrate deeper and fill your sex partner with satisfaction she's never had before. You'll have no worries of premature ejaculation or going soft, your confidence will skyrocket with your bigger, thicker, longer penis.

- **100% Natural penis enlargement!**
- **Add inches to your penis in days!**
- **Become a SUPERSTUD!**
- **Get the big penis of your dreams**
- **You can have a SUPER penis**

Satisfied Customer's Say...

"Thanks, Xomax! I'm no longer embarrassed about my penis size. You're right, Size does matter!"
L.C. Baton Rouge, LA

"Hi, my name is Mike. I want to tell you how thrilled I am with your product XOMAX. I've tried many other pills and they don't work as well as XOMAX. My wife is amazed at the difference in our love making sessions."
M.C. Los Angeles, CA

Call Any Time

1-800-580-4395

ME Code: 7016

Fax: **239-643-2356**

www.xomax-man.com

FAQ About Xomax

Q. How soon do you see results ?
A. Most men see results with their first dose and increasing results over 60 - 90 days.

Q. Are the results permanent?
A. For most men, if Xomax is taken continuously for three to four months followed by a maintenance program the results are permanent.

Q. How much growth can I realistically expect?
A. Up to 5 inches or more with a increase in width of 50%

Q. Is Xomax natural?
A. Xomax is 100% natural, safe and Doctor recommend for those looking for advanced penis enhancement.

Q. What makes Xomax the #1 natural penis enhancement formula?
A. Xomax has a highly effective proprietary blend of concentrated nutrients. These natural compounds are amazingly stimulating to the male penis. You won't find a stronger blend of nutrients in any other male enhancement product. The reason? Xomax contains extremely expensive imported ingredients and many manufacturers won't spend that kind of money. Instead, they pass off less expensive ingredients, such a Ginseng or low end forms of L-Arginine.

Q. Is Xomax guaranteed to work?
***A.** Xomax is 100% GUARANTEED! If you're not completely satisfied, return the bottle(s) within three months to receive a refund. Men now have an effective way to increase the size of their penis. Why pay for imitations that will not solve the problem? You may spend a little more on Xomax, but the results will be worth it! You often get what you pay for. So remember that the genuine ingredients in Xomax are...

GUARANTEED to work!
Order today –
the best money can buy!

Selling the best Always!

Mate Magnet Cologne

The Perfect Aphrodisiac

This revolutionary new men's cologne contains genuine human sex pheromones. Women will be influenced by your scent and won't be able to keep their hands off you. Using pheromones have been proven the most gorgeous women will desire to have you immediately. It's so easy to seduce women, get more dates, have more sex. *"Since I've been using MATE MAGNET, I have had several attractive women come after me. I'm very happy."* –D.H. Ohio

Reg $ 59.95 On Sale Now $19.99

Sexactivator

Women have reported that they become incredibly sexually excited when they take SEXACTIVATOR. This magical wonder liquid can be taken orally, or put in any drink. Within minutes after use, your woman's desire to have sex with you will be uncontrollable.

Reg $ 59.95 On Sale Now $19.99

ME Code: 7016

Send coupon with payment to:
Nutritional Science Laboratories, P.O. Box 11269, Naples, FL 34101
Privacy Ensured

	QTY	PRICE	TOTAL
Greatest Savings Save over $419.90 Buy 5 get 7 FREE		$299.95	
Xomax 90 Day Challenge FREE 30 Day Buy 2 Get 1 Free		$119.98	
SAVE EVEN MORE: Buy 3 get 3 free 50% off		$179.97	
1 Month Supply Xomax		$59.99	
Sexactivator - Regular $59.95 - Save $30 Turns your woman wild!		$19.99	
Mate Magnet - Regular $59.95 - Save $30 Instantly attract women		$19.99	
Shipping and Handling:			
Standard Delivery		$9.99	
2-3 Day Rush Delivery		$19.99	
International Delivery		$29.99	
TOTAL AMOUNT			

— CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-580-4395 —

Check payment method: (US Funds Only)

❑ Check ❑ Money order

❑ MasterCard ❑ VISA ❑ American Express ❑ Discover

Name on the Card: _____

Card Number: _____

Expiration Date: _____ CVV: _____

Name: _____

Street Address: _____

City: _____ State: _____

Zip Code: _____ Country: _____

Signature: _____

Individual results may vary. These statements have not been evaluated by the FDA. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.

Subscribe & Save

GET 2 FREE FULL-LENGTH DVDS!†

Your subscription to **HUSTLER** is only **$39.95 for 12 issues**.
†2 HUSTLER DVDs of your favorite video vixens will be mailed to you upon receipt of your paid order.

Subscribe online at

HustlerSub.com

or call

1-323-651-2348

Delivered Fully Wrapped in Black Plastic

†FREE DVD OFFER valid with paid HUSTLER subscription order while supplies last; FREE DVD OFFER PROHIBITED IN THESE U.S. STATES, CITIES & ZIP CODES: AL, AR, MS, UT; Indianapolis, IN; South Bend, IN; Memphis, TN; Cincinnati, OH; Jacksonville, FL; Tallahassee, FL; FL zip codes beginning with 320-326 and 344. These subscribers will receive the "Special HUSTLER" issue with their paid order. HUSTLER SUBSCRIPTIONS PROHIBITED at correctional facilities in these states: AZ, PA, VA, NV, CO, MO, NJ, MI.

29¢ PER MIN 18+
BACKDOOR BABES
1-800 238-ANAL

sweetestoutlaw.com
Horny teens to Milf waiting for you
1-866-977-8334
18+
All fetishes
(all girls are 18+)

horny wild BUTT SLUTS
FREE VIP BENIEFIT PACKAGE WITH PAID INSTANT CREDIT ACCOUNT!!!
INSTANT CREDIT
818-991-2500
XXX PARTY LINE
800-477-SLIT
MAJOR CC AS LOW AS $2.99/MIN.
FETISHKINGDOM.COM

BARELY LEGAL PUSSY
1 ON 1 TUTORING...
ONLY .95¢ PER MIN.
1-800-669-1111
+SMALL $3.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD
ALL GIRLS ARE 18+

www.sexualmistress.com
LA MAITRESS
2 GIRL CALLS LIVE 1 ON 1 ALL FANTASIES

† ALL FETISHES
† BDSM
† CBT
† CROSS DRESSING
† FOOT & BODY WORSHIP
† LATEX
† LEATHER
1-800-717-1028
CALL NOW! TOLL FREE
Visit Us On-Line
www.sexualmistress.com
24hrs MC VISA AMEX DISC CHECKS BY PHONE 18+

as low as 95¢ a min
All models 18+
COME BURRY YOUR FACE IN MY...
1-800 WET TITS
All major credit cards accepted & check by phone.

A STIMULUS PACKAGE THAT WORKS!
A vibrator is "...not a luxury, it's a necessity!"
–Barbara Walters, The View
The Family Jewel™ ...in a class by itself
★ AND IT VIBRATES!
★ FEEL OF FLESH Safe! Feels and Looks Like Flesh.
★ DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR OR PO BOX IN PLAIN BROWN PACKAGE VIA PRIORITY MAIL.
ORDER ONLINE! www.PlayhouseProductsXXX.com
Mail to: Playhouse Products - PO BOX 880868, Boca Raton, FL 33488-0868
or FAX your order: (561)392-7151 for immediate processing 24 hrs a day...7 days a week!

* Penis size does not include balls.
Please send me ___ handcrafted "The Family Jewel(s)" ™
Size* Non-Vibrator Model Vibrator Model Color
☐ 6-1/4" x 1-3/4" ☐ $44.95 + $5 P&H ☐ $52.95 + $5 ☐ Caucasian
☐ 8-1/2" x 2-1/4" ☐ $49.95 + $5 P&H ☐ $57.95 + $5 ☐ Mulatto
NC residents add Sales Tax. ☐ Black
Enclosed is my ☐ Check ☐ Money Order
or charge ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard in the amount of $_____
No. _____ Expires _____ MO. YR.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
PLUS FREE Sexual Brochure H809

CUM SUCKING SLUTS
ONLY 65¢ PER MIN
LIVE, NASTY, 1-ON-1 ONLY .95¢/MIN
LIVE CUM SUCKING GROUP ACTION ONLY .65¢ A MIN.
1-800-669-0000
+SMALL $2.95 CONNECT FEE/ADULTS ONLY/CREDIT CARD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CLIVE McLEAN

Autumn Petals

NOVEMBER 1981

HUSTLER CLASSIC

PAULINE

I love the simple things in life," claims 23-year-old **Pauline**, who lives on an old farm outside Tarrytown, New York. One of her favorite pleasures, she tells us, is sitting in her gazebo following a brisk stroll through the countryside.

"After the walk, I like to take my sweater off and feel the cool wind blow up and down my body. Then I rub the garment against my breasts and thighs. The scratchy wool makes me tingle all over, and it feels like a giant, rough tongue licking me."

Pauline continues, "I have loved the feel of a sweater against my naked skin since I was in high school. One day I turned myself on accidentally when my nipples kept rubbing against the wool. Today I can come just by touching my skin ever so gently with a sweater."

Saying goodbye to this new-fashioned "sweater girl," we're glad to know that some people still treasure the simple things in life.

COMING NEXT

MAMIE VAN DOREN: VIETNAM VS. IRAQ

The screen legend—still haunted by the horrors of war she witnessed during sojourns to Vietnam decades ago—laments that history is repeating itself in Iraq and Afghanistan. As a result, Ms. Van Doren urges Americans to say "Hell no!" to being bullied by this country's profit-hungry warmongers.

SARAH ASHLEY BARKER

SNEAK PREVIEW: THIS AIN'T STAR TREK XXX

HUSTLER Video strikes again, boldly going where no porn empire has gone before: a hard-core *Star Trek* parody. Don't miss our showcase of *This Ain't Star Trek XXX*, starring Jenna Haze, Aurora Snow, Sasha Grey and Jada Fire.

THE Q&A: RUSS BAKER

Investigative reporter Russ Baker's book *Family of Secrets* details the dark truth about the Bush dynasty. In our exclusive interview, Baker discusses the real George W., the intelligence community's role as a Bush ally and "Poppy" Bush's suspicious whereabouts when JFK was assassinated.

BILL O'REILLY: BUFFOON LAMPOONED

Fox's pompous, short-fused and sex-obsessed talking head gets his comeuppance at the hands of cartoonist Dan Collins. Tune in to *The O'Reilly Sphincter*, a laugh-your-ass-off spoof.

JULIE STRAIN: AMAZIN' AMAZON

Once a gangly ugly duckling, Julie Strain has lived a dream life as a centerfold, B-movie queen and millionairess. The 6-foot-1 star of such fare as *The Bare Wench Project* and *Fit to Kill* now works behind the camera. As actress/writer Brinke Stevens reveals, the fortysomething is still a wild child.

FANTASY ILLUSTRATOR'S EROTIC UNIVERSE

Inspired by pinup master Antonio Vargas, Jay Fife is renowned for his realistic, stylish portraits of the hottest women imaginable. See for yourself as we present a gallery of the master artist's scantily clad superheroes, alien babes and nude pinups.

Visit our Web site at HustlerMagazine.com.

The September '09 issue goes on sale July 7, 2009.

KINKY BY NATURE

Let's turn-up the degree of kinky playtime

1-800 669-DICK
3 4 2 5

Kinky sluts with a kinky surprise

1-800 TS-SLUTS
87 75887

Naughty men wanted for meat sampling

1-888 888-TSTV
8788

*$2.98-$3.98 per min.

Looking for a sloppy cock massage?

ONLY *$2.98 per min.

We'll give you our special rubdown at...

1-800-800-6969

Most major credit cards accepted. *Plus a small $2.98 connection fee.

ADULTS 18+ ONLY

Soft IN pink

...and deliciously creamy
for your taste

EXQUISITE DELIGHTFULLY

EBONY BABES

I have the sugar pie you've been craving.

Don't have a credit card? You can still have your pie and eat it too

1-900-336-6666

1-800-669-SLUT
7588

Hot lonely moms will open their back door for ya!

1-888-909-MILF
6453

1-800-3Dark2Twat75
8922

Most major credit cards accepted $2.98 /min.
plus a small $2.98 connect fee. Adults 18+ only